THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.—SEE PAGE 164.

Topics of the Week.

Even while a great shadow over ung the country—that of impending war—there has been added a deeper gloom, and which unhappily is in its nature irremediable, except through the kindly influence of Time. We mourn to-day with no lip-homage the death of the foremost man in the country, the loved husband of our Queen, the father of our future King, and the constitutional adviser of the Sovereign, who has done so much, by his wise advice, to keep monarchy in accord with popular rights and advance. If Prince Albert did not at first fully understand or appreciate the genius of our system, as evinced by his memorable words about Parliamentary institutions being on their trial, he did know and act upon the necessity of studying it; and if, as is probable, his conclusions finally leaned towards the more aristocratic forms of government, the fact only illustrates more happily his conscientious adherence to the political neutrality that belonged to his position. How our beloved Queen will bear his loss as a wife, how she will find the aid and support she needs as a Sovereign, now that the tender husband and wise Prince can be no longer anything to her but a sad and holy recollection, who shall venture to say? But of this, at least, she may be assured—that the hearts of the whole nation are with her in affectionate and loyal sympathy, and that the man she mourns had in his death the most glorious of all consolations—the love and respect of a free people.

A great responsibility now rests on the Prince her son. If any human aid can compensate to her for her incalculable loss, it is to him she must look to find it. Natural affection and earthly state alike point to the Prince of Wales as the Queen's future adviser. Will he, young as he is, find the strength and the self-denial to fulfil such grand duties? Pleasure is a dangerous syren; and it is but natural the young should be willing to listen to her voice. Let us hope, however, that the example so long set before him, the careful training, and the knowledge of men and things acquired in his travels, may now produce their legitimate fruits, and ensure to him an influence and a popularity as much greater than his father's as his birth on the soil and his more exalted destiny are naturally calculated to produce. Of his private life we know nothing; but we cannot but augur well of his character and future career when we remember the geniality evinced in his shaking hands so cordially with the Indian runner Deerfoot, and when we recall to mind the scene in which he was an actor in America—one of the most touching in history, when the grandson of George III. (the Monarch who would have hung Washington with as little remorse as he hung his British subjects for stealing a few shillings) paid a reverential visit to the tomb of the illustrious patriot. May he fulfil all the happiest auguries that the people will frame for him in their love and faith! And he could not better begin than by reminding the counsellors of the Queen that if they have forgotten, under a temporary provocation, the reception he met with in the United States, he has not. When even the Canadians could do no better than make his presence a signal for the outburst of the most furious religious animosities among themselves, and when a border State (Virginia), under Southern inspiration, cared only to insult him, it was the Northern men of the United States who received him with a cordiality and honour that ought to have for ever silenced the calumny of American hatred of England; and it was they who avowedly gave him that welcome and honour, not so much for his own sake as on account of their affection and admiration of his Royal mother, Victoria of England. Have they changed since? We do not believe it. They have felt bitterly—as we should feel—the constant streams of reviling that certain influential prints have poured forth ever since the secession. They have resented, as we should resent, the base advice to agree to a dismemberment of their territory, in order to please men who wished to save slavery from incessant attack and to place it on an altogether wider base. They have determined, as we should determine, to be prepared against any possible interference from abroad while engaged in a deadly struggle at home. These are the real crimes of America. Their very English stubbornness and pride, which we should admire if directed against anybody else, we cry out against if they only seem obliquely to touch us.

We have now before us the President's Message. It is calm, thoughtful, not always very happy in diction, but truthful, honest, and full of detail in facts, so that we can test for ourselves the accuracy of the general statements and deductions. Not one word does he say about the Trent. It is clear, therefore, he is *not* prepared to defend that act fully and unhesitatingly. The Congress have thanked Captain Wilks, and the Navy Department have also given him their approbation, coupled with the reminder that he ought to have taken the vessel as well as the men; but Mr. Lincoln is silent. Of course, the meaning of all this is transparent to those who will look simply for the truth, and not to gratify their passions or interests. The Navy Department believes exactly what our Government believes, that the formal course was to take the vessel into port, though it also believes—what we presume (*though we do not know*) our Government disbelieves—that such a course would have been followed by certain condemnation. Why, then, did not Captain Wilks do so? Precisely for the reason which was apparent at the first to unprejudiced observers, that he thought it best to consult the interests and feelings of the passengers, and of the owners of the ship, as well as the general convenience of the two countries between which the packet sailed by non-interference with the mails. So that the state of the case is simply this—our entire quarrel with the Americans resolves itself into a question of international law; one of great importance, no doubt, but still no more. We believe we are right, and they believe they are. An intention to insult the English flag we now know beyond all question was never maintained for a single moment. We further now know that Lieutenant Fairfax, instead of being or playing the bully, as we were all led to believe, showed throughout the execution of a most difficult order the feelings and conduct of a gentleman. Can any one conceive a more manly attitude than that which Captain Williams himself describes when the Lieutenant came to him when all was settled, "hat in hand," and apologised in the most ample manner if he had given any unnecessary pain in the performance of his duty?

No wonder that Congress, believing the act internationally right, should also thank the actor. But what of the President? It is he who takes the initiative, and he preserves an expressive silence. He does not appeal to that "mob" which is always forthcoming for certain English purposes. No; but we will tell the reader what he does do. The blockaders having accidentally wronged the owners of an English merchant-vessel, he calls upon Congress to make restitution, and he uses these words in doing so:—"Justice requires that we should commit no belligerent act not founded on strict right as sanctioned by public law." *In these words the President is probably making a position that shall be available for future use against those of his countrymen who may seek to control his purpose to give all reasonable satisfaction to the demands of England.* Yet it is against the country whose magistrate has thus enunciated the broadest principle of right in international relations that we are hurrying on all the actual arrangements for war as though we were dealing with so many pirates—with war not only undeclared, but with the certainty on our parts that the Americans are utterly unprepared for it. So far as Canada alone is in question, this activity may be necessary, and therefore patriotic; but surely something should be done by our Government at the same time to show that this is no threatening or bravado, but in pure self-defence; and that, now we are certain there was no intention to insult us, we are ready to meet the Americans in a friendly spirit, and, while setting one kind of bygones against another, only consider how to clear up the present difficulty in a mutually satisfactory way, and how to settle the future on a well-understood basis. For this all Christian men ought to pray, all patriotic men exert themselves. We have no excuse for any kind of summary treatment. We have sanctioned before the world the principle of arbitration, and here is a case of the very kind that can be best settled by an impartial tribunal. When two men who do not want to insult or injure each other find they differ upon a point of legal right, which other men are equally interested in seeing equitably disposed of, there can be no possible reason why they should not go to a third party in whom both have confidence, and who may equally suffer some day by a wrong decision, and leave the case to him. But let us all be up and doing. Let us give the Government a full but rational support on the one hand in all requisite steps; but let us plainly tell the Government we do not want war with anybody, and least of all with our own kindred in America, if by any honourable possibility it can be avoided.

We conclude with a brief but significant contrast: we read in two papers, one of them an American and the other an English print, these sentences:—One says, "If war is to be averted it must be by flourishing a scourge over the backs of these wretched blusterers;" the other, "However gratifying the seizure of the rebel Ambassadors may have been it is not worth the sacrifice of a single principle of the morality of nations." Which of these is the American, which the English? We regret to say that it was an English daily newspaper which published the first, while it was the *New York Times* that issued the second.

Foreign News.

AMERICA.

PACIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

(Per Bohemian, via Portland and Londonderry).

New York, Dec. 7.—Despatches from Washington state that President Lincoln had declared that it was his intention to preserve a prudent policy in regard to foreign relations, and that there need be no fear of war with Great Britain unless the latter should seek a pretext for hostilities.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

The following is a summary of the Message delivered by President Lincoln to the Federal Congress on the 3rd inst.

Referring to the foreign policy of the Government, the President says:—

"You will not be surprised to hear that in the peculiar exigencies of the times our intercourse with foreign nations has been attended with profound solicitude, chiefly turning upon our own domestic affairs. A nation which endures factions and domestic divisions is exposed to disrespect abroad, and one party, if not both, is sure sooner or later to invoke foreign intervention. The disloyal citizens of the United States, who have offered the ruin of our country in return for the aid and comfort which they have invoked abroad, have received less patronage and encouragement than they probably expected. The insurgents have seemed to assume that foreign nations in this case (discarding all moral, social, and treaty obligations) would act solely and selfishly for the most speedy restoration of commerce, including especially the acquisition of cotton; but those nations appear as yet not to have seen their way to their object more directly or clearly through the destruction than through the preservation of the Union. I am quite sure it could be shown them that they can reach their aim much more readily and easily by aiding to crush this rebellion than by giving encouragement to it. The principal lever relied on by the insurgents for exciting foreign nations to hostilities against us is the embarrassment of commerce. Those nations, however, not improbably saw from the first that it was the Union which made as well our foreign as our domestic commerce. They can scarcely have failed to perceive that the efforts for disunion produced the existing difficulty, and that one strong nation promises more durable peace, and a more extensive, more valuable, and more reliable commerce than can the same nation broken into hostile fragments. It is not my purpose to review our discussion with foreign States, because, whatever might be their wishes or dispositions, the integrity of our country and the stability of our Government mainly depend not upon them, but on the loyalty, virtue, patriotism, and allegiance of the American people. Since, however, it is apparent that foreign dangers necessarily attend domestic difficulties, I recommend that adequate and ample measures be adopted for maintaining the public defences on every side, and also that provision be made for defending our coast-line."

The Message recommends an appropriation to satisfy the legal demands of the owners of the British ship Perthshire, detained under a misapprehension by the United States' steamer Massachusetts. It also recommends that authority be given to the commanders of sailing-vessels to recapture United States' vessels or cargoes taken by pirates, and that the Consular Courts in eastern countries should adjudicate the cases, but only with the permission of the local authorities.

The President cannot see any reason for further withholding the recognition of the independence of Hayti and Liberia. He urges upon Congress the reconstruction of the Supreme Courts, and the adoption of a system for the recovery of debts by Northern men in districts where, through the insurrection, the civil tribunals are suppressed. He suggests the restoration of the original boundaries of the district of Columbia, including that portion on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and continues:—"The efforts of the Government to suppress the slave trade have been recently unusually successful. Under the Confiscation Act the legal claims of certain persons to slaves are forfeited, and numbers thus liberated are dependent upon the Federal Government, and must be protected, for it is possible that some States will pass similar enactments by which persons of this class will be thrown upon them for disposal. I would recommend Congress to provide for accepting slaves from such States acording to some mode of valuation, so that the slaves on acceptance by the Federal Government would be at once deemed free. Steps might then be taken for colonising such slaves in a climate congenial to them. The free coloured people in America might also, so far as they desired it, be included in such colonisation. The plan of colonisation may involve an acquisition of territory, and the appropriation of a sum of money beyond the sum expended for the territorial acquisition."

President Lincoln reviews the course of the Government since its inauguration, and says:—"The progress

of events is plainly in the right direction. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, who refused to supply troops, now have 40,000 men in the field. [No armed insurrection is left north of the Potomac or east of the Chesapeake.' The Union is advancing steadily southwards. The present insurrection is a war upon the first principles of popular government and the right of the people. The insurgents even hint at monarchy."

The President states that, in the present position, he would scarcely be justified in omitting to raise a warning voice against the approach of returning despotism, but denounces the effort to place capital upon an equal footing with labour in the structure of the Government. He speaks of the wonderful growth of the population, and anticipates a time when two hundred and fifty millions of people will own the American rule as an independent and original power. "The struggle of to-day is not altogether of to-day, but is also for a vast future."

President Lincoln's Message makes no allusion whatever to the Trent affair.

The *New York Herald* of the 4th inst. says that the President's Message forms a good chart of sailing directions for Congress, and that by it both Houses can scarcely go astray.

It seems to be assumed by some of our contemporaries that the vote of thanks which has been passed by the House of Representatives to Captain Wilks, of the San Jacinto, indicates an intention to justify the seizure of the Southern Commissioners, whether it be right or wrong, and that the action of the President and his Cabinet is to some extent controlled by this act of Congress. The following paragraph from the *New York Times* presents a different and we believe, more accurate view of the significance of the vote:—"Congress has signalised its first sitting by passing a vote of thanks to Captain Wilks for the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Nothing is more natural than that which is uppermost in the public mind should leap to expression through the voice of the people's representatives. In thus putting on record a formal approval of an act which has called forth universal public satisfaction there is, of course, no intention to prejudge a case on which neither our own nor the British Government has as yet pronounced an opinion, and which is not properly a matter of diplomacy alone. We all liked the bold deed, and we liked it all the better because it seemed to be perfectly justified by the principles and precedents of international law. Should it not be so justified, there can be no hesitation as to the course to be pursued. However gratifying the seizure of the rebel Ambassadors may have been it is not worth the sacrifice of a single principle of the public morality of nations. Meanwhile, we can, of course, but await further developments. The resolution of thanks which Congress has voted to Captain Wilks, therefore, embodies a perfectly just sentiment, without at all binding the policy of the Government or embarrassing the Secretary of State in the pursuit of such a course as on a full examination of the question in all its bearings may seem to be dictated by right and the law of nations."

The letters which have been received from America by the last mail predict an anti-slavery agitation in the North which will at least affect the comfort of the Cabinet. Amongst the symptoms of the agitation is a speech by the Hon. Charles Sumner, "United States' Senator from Massachusetts." The speech was delivered in New York, to a large audience assembled in the Cooper Institute; and, as the orator advocated the complete emancipation of the slaves in the South, and his address was well received, it may be supposed that emancipation has a great number of friends in the commercial capital of America. The second symptom is a German meeting at Cincinnati in favour of General Fremont, at which a Mr. Conway very strongly advocated the doctrine of black emancipation. The third symptom is a subscription for a "testimonial" sword to General Fremont. The subscription-lists are headed with an address, in which it is stated that "a weak Government has torn from the grasp of the Pathfinder his sword, hitherto unsullied." The admirers of Fremont, it is to be presumed, will restore the sword to him; and, when it is so well known that the Cabinet are divided in opinion on the slave question, it need hardly be said that the present movement will add to their embarrassment.

The New York papers say little or nothing respecting the Trent affair or the relations between England and America. In the matter of the burning of the Harvey Birch they appear to direct their indignation simply against the Confederates.

It is reported that the planters along the southern seacoast are burning all the cotton.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS IN THE VICTORIA LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—A letter from Melbourne of Oct. 25 says:—"It is understood that the Governor has given his consent to the placing on the Estimates a sum exceeding £20,000, to give £300 a year each to sixty-seven members—that is, to all who do not receive Ministerial salaries, excluding also the Speaker and Chairman of Committees. It was decided by the former Assembly that this measure, effecting a great constitutional change, ought not to be brought about without an Act of Parliament, but the Ministry had made it one of their *chevaux de bataille*. A vast number of their supporters have come into the Assembly on that pledge. Many of them are in very needy circumstances, and unless Ministers can carry payment of members very speedily their supporters will drop off by resigning their seats."

Governor Sir George Grey arrived at New Zealand early in October, and it is satisfactory to know that, at that date, matters were quiet in the colony, and there appeared to be no immediate danger of hostilities. There had been such a rush of people to the Otago gold-fields, many of them totally unprovided with necessaries, that the Superintendent of the district had issued a proclamation by way of warning fresh comers.

AUSTRIA.

Advices from Vienna of the 10th inst, state that during the Emperor's stay at Venice he ordered all the political prisoners to be set at liberty, with one or two exceptions. The Emperor has returned to Vienna. General Count Palffy had arrived from Pesth to have an audience of his Majesty.

On Saturday last the Upper House of the Reichsrath voted the laws for preserving the inviolability of letters, for assuring personal liberty, and for maintaining the right of domicile

At Pesth disorder is increasing, and those who take part in it appear to be more particularly preoccupied with the idea of furnishing themselves with arms and ammunition.

CANADA.

Advices from Montreal to the 2nd instant report that snow fell on the previous night, but that the St. Lawrence was free from ice.

The militia of Canada as at present organised is under the command-in-chief of the Governor-General, and has a staff of an Adjutant-General for each province, with two provincial Aides-de-Camp and a Quartermaster-General. It consists of two divisions, known as the "Active" and the "Sedentary." There are 16 batteries of artillery, 16 troops of cavalry designated as class A, 12 troops of class B, 62 companies of rifles, and several corps of light infantry. In Lower Canada there are 42 battalions and in Upper Canada 47 battalions of "Sedentary" militia. The Canadian Rifles are regularly enrolled troops, and act with the other Queen's regiments stationed at Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec. The militia has shown that it can be relied upon in times of emergency. In addition to these there is a considerable force of volunteers in both provinces, and, with the aid of the reinforcements which have already arrived and those which are on their way or under orders, we have no fear for Canada.—*Canadian News.*

The Quebec correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing on the 25th ult., communicates the following to that journal:—

"Mr. Secretary Seward's letters to Lord Lyons and the Governors of the States have not been without their effect upon the Canadian mind, followed up as they have been by the Mason and Slidell case. None of the Canadian newspapers attempt to justify the latter proceeding—even the *Toronto Globe* condemns it, which, more than any other journal, takes an American view of the present events in the United States. But whether Captain Wilks were right or wrong is not the question now. I have to tell you that at a council of war, held here yesterday (Sunday), between General Sir Fenwick W. Williams of Kars, Commander of the forces in Canada, who came down from Montreal to attend it, his Excellency the Governor-General, Colonel Paynter, commanding the Royal Artillery in Canada, and others, it was determined to prepare for emergencies by putting the frontier in a state of defence. There are rumours that it was resolved to call out 10,000 volunteers, but of that I have no authentic information. It may have been determined that, in case of war, that should be done."

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The political news brought by the overland mail is not very important. In China, the French Admiral had thought it necessary to lend assistance to save Chefoo from the rebels, who in their progress eastward were giving up everything to fire and sword. They practised acts of the most atrocious cruelty, and amongst their victims were two American missionaries named Parker and Holmes. The former of these gentlemen had, we are informed, been a wealthy slaveholder, but liberated all his slaves, and thenceforth devoted himself to the work of converting the heathen to Christianity. Shanghai was said to be in a state of alarm on account of the proximity of the insurgents to that city.

The allied troops evacuated Canton on the 21st of October.

The state of affairs in Japan was still unsatisfactory, and the European representatives were awaiting instructions from their Governments.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* of Monday, in speaking of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, says:—"The Emperor, the Imperial family, and the whole of France will mingle their regret and grief with the Royal family and the English nation."

In Paris the Prince Consort's death has caused great sensation, and all the papers unite in expressions of sympathy. The Emperor has sent an Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty with an autograph letter expressive of the sorrow of himself and the Empress at the melancholy event, and offering suitable condolence.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday announced that in consequence of the death of the Prince Consort the Emperor would go into mourning for twenty-one days.

General Scott left Paris for America last week.

With reference to the return of General Scott, the Paris correspondent of the *Post* says:—"It is not impossible that France may, if asked, become the mediator in the quarrel, and, at the same time, the laws of neutrals may be revised, provided England, according to the wishes of other European Governments on that question, agrees to a modification of the existing code." The writer also says that Prince Napoleon was instrumental in causing the General to undertake the voyage to Washington.

The Imperial decree by which the Emperor directs that no project or plan involving a charge on the budget shall be presented for his signature unless accompanied by a report of the Finance Minister, expressing his opinion thereon, is generally approved of by the Paris journals as calculated to afford a check against the lavish outlay on public works which hitherto the Emperor, by a decree signed simply by himself, could command. It is also considered a great victory for M. Fould over his colleagues, who will be unable for the future to indulge in any outlay beyond that set forth in their respective budgets without obtaining his approval.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday contains an Imperial decree disbanding the 103rd Regiment of the Line and the 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion.

Another decree deprives M. Laprade of his professorship of literature and fine arts. A Ministerial report which precedes the decree explains the motive of this resolution. It states that M. Laprade published a piece of poetry in the *Correspondent* containing injurious allusions to the Sovereign elected by universal suffrage and to the nation which he gloriously governs.

ITALY.

The *Movimento* of Monday publishes a letter addressed by Garibaldi to the Genoa Committee, which says:—"We are near the final solution of the national question. Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in our way by enemies, by false friends, and by the timid, whereby our progress has been arrested, we must go on to the end. The rivalry of individuals must cease. We must leave it to history to pass judgment on our task. Let us be still more closely united around the flag of our 'Re Galantuomo.' Let us mutually and solemnly agree to meet on the last battlefield at the side of our brave army, which will still find companions worthy of its brotherly co-operation. All is a token of victory." Garibaldi concludes by calling upon the Committees of the Provedimento Society to lend their active co-operation.

The report that Garibaldi had had an interview with the King of Italy during his recent visit to Turin has been contradicted.

The Ministry of Baron Ricasoli triumphed by a great majority in the Italian Chamber on Wednesday week. After a debate on the Neapolitan and Roman questions, extending over some days, the Chamber, by a majority of 153, expressed their satisfaction with the explanations of the Ministry, and then passed to the order of the day. In the resolution confirming the policy of the Ministry there was included a declaration that Rome was the capital of Italy; and the Chamber further trusted that the Government would provide with alacrity for the "completion of the national armament, the organisation of the kingdom, and the effectual protection of person and property."

A daring robbery, effected in an extraordinary manner, took place in Bologna on the 12th inst. Twenty-eight persons, dressed as carbineers, presented themselves at the railway station, stating that they had orders to wait there on the look-out for robbers. Being admitted to the office they broke open the cash-box and carried away a sum of 80,000f.

PRUSSIA.

The death of the Prince Consort has awakened the greatest sympathy among all classes of the Prussian people, and has plunged the Royal family into the deepest mourning. On receipt of the sad intelligence the King and Queen paid a visit of condolence to the Crown Princess. The King also sent his Aide-de-Camp to Lord Loftus to express his sympathy for the Royal family of England. The Prussian Court will go into mourning for four weeks.

The Crown Prince was to have left for Windsor on Wednesday in order to attend the funeral of the Prince Consort. The Crown Princess, it was said, would not accompany the Crown Prince on account of the state of her health.

The result of the late elections in Prussia is said to have greatly displeased the Government, and especially caused dissatisfaction to the King. It is even said that the King had resolved not to open Parliament in person, and vague rumours of a dissolution were floating about Berlin. We can hardly, however, believe that the King or the Government understands so little the spirit of a free constitution as to dream of any such measure.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The news of the Marquis Wielopolski's resignation of his official duties is authentic. He remains, however, a member of the Council of State

The letter of a Warsaw correspondent is full of melancholy interest. There are, it tells us, fifty Roman Catholic priests, three Protestant ministers, and twelve Jewish rabbis in prison for upholding the rights of conscience and protesting against the profanity to which their religious buildings were subjected. It gives a touching account of the heroic manner in which the aged and feeble Archdeacon Bialobrzski received the news of his condemnation to exile, a sentence which it is not probable he will survive to undergo, as he is bowed down with sickness and the weight of years. The letter also contains a melancholy list of eminent personages on both sides who have died during the struggle, in addition to the hundreds who have been slaughtered in the streets.

MARBLE STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

From the best of the different accounts furnished by the daily press we draw together the following particulars of the life, career, and death of the distinguished man who has so suddenly been removed from us.

Last Sunday morning the nation awoke to learn that the serene, unbroken happiness of a long reign had been clouded with the deepest sorrow. The most illustrious family in the land, until then entire, had been invaded by death. Her Majesty the Queen had sustained the most dreadful bereavement, and the Royal children were orphans. Throughout London the sad intelligence spread with electric rapidity, uniting the whole population in sympathetic grief. Men unknown to one another stopped and talked of it in the streets; each could remember some good trait of the Prince, and all had words of respectful affection for the Queen. Every congregation met under the influence

THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE ALBERT DURING HIS STUDIES AT BONN.

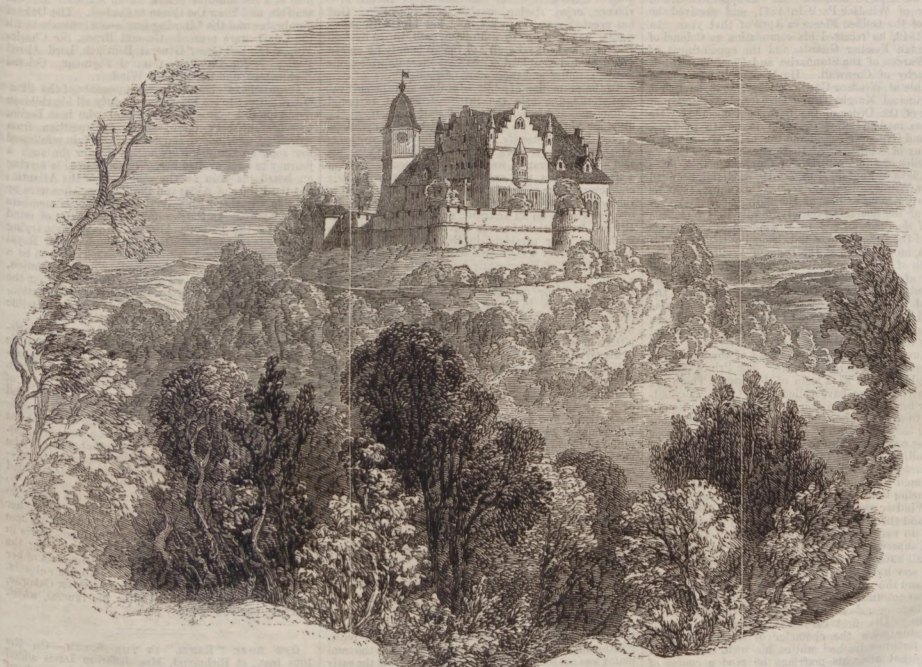
of the event. In some it gave a tone and character to the whole service, and in all its effects were apparent. A shock was felt in the omission of a well-known name from the petition for the Royal family in the Litany, and a weight of meaning was thrown on the supplication for "the widow and the fatherless, and all who are desolate and oppressed." Prayers more hearty and sincere were never offered than those which went up as the voice of a whole people invoking the consolations of Heaven upon the Queen.

His Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., &c., was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, by his first wife, Dorothea Louisa, Princess of Saxe Gotha. He was born at Rosenau (see Engraving) Aug. 26, 1819.

It seems but a little while since people began to talk of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg as the future husband of the Queen, and to feel interest in whatever promised to throw light on his character. That he was young, having been born in 1819, and handsome, was only what might have been anticipated. It was remarked that

GOTHA, THE CAPITAL OF THE DUCHY OF SAXE-COBURG GOTHA, AND AN OCCASIONAL RESIDENCE OF PRINCE ALBERT.—SEE PAGE 175.

COBURG, THE CAPITAL OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF COBURG, AND AN OCCASIONAL RESIDENCE OF PRINCE ALBERT.



SCHLOSS KALENBERG, ONE OF THE DUCAL PALACES, AND THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE ALBERT'S MOTHER.—SEE PAGE 170.

he was descended from that very Elector whose name stands at the head of the memorable Protest from which the name of Protestant is derived. We may add that he came also of a house which alone of all the German reigning families has granted constitutional privileges to its people without any external pressure, and this, too, to a people who not only did not ask for them, but have shown themselves even averse to accepting them. His brother, moreover, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (in whose palaces of Coburg, Gotha, Rosenau, and Schloss Kalenberg [see our Engravings], Prince Albert at different periods resided), with a comparatively small territory, and not large political influence, is the head of that great national movement which is now agitating Germany, and which has for its object entire German unity on the broadest liberal basis. He has been considered, therefore, as a scion of the one Protestant German house which keeps up with the progress of the times and advocates constitutional freedom, not from fear of revolution and popular turbulence, but for its own sake. The presence of the Prince in England more than confirmed the fame which had preceded him. He was profoundly instructed in the knowledge of the schools and in the physical and natural sciences which Germany had already included among the elements of a liberal education. The Councillor Florschütz and the University of Bonn divided the honour of having directed his studies. At Bonn (see Engraving) he had received instruction from Professors Lobeli, Bocking, and Perthes, and may be said, in fact, to have completed his education under them. In 1835 he came with his father to London to assist at the Queen's coronation. Several other Princes supposed to aspire to her Majesty's hand were also in the country at this time; but Prince Albert was designated by the Royal lady herself as the person she desired to fill this exalted position. The Royal marriage took place in February, 1840, an Act having been passed three days before providing that as soon as he should have taken the oath of supremacy and allegiance he should be held and esteemed to be a natural-born subject of this realm. The income granted by Act of Parliament was £30,000. He received his title of Royal Highness by patent, dated Feb. 6, 1840, and was empowered to quarter the Royal arms on Feb. 7 in the same year. On the following day he received his commission as Field Marshal; he was made Colonel of the 11th (or Prince Albert's) Own Hussars, on April 30, and was nominated a member of the Privy Council on Sept. 11, 1840. In the following winter the union was blessed with the birth of the Princess Royal. Before the christening an accident befell the Prince from the breaking of the ice while he was skating, and placed him for a moment in danger, from which his unaided efforts would not have sufficed to deliver him.

We may here mention in brief sequence the long list of his subsequent honours. He was appointed Grand Ranger of Windsor Park in 1841, and received the Order of the Golden Fleece in April of that year. In April, 1842, he received his commission as Colonel of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, and the appointment of Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Chief Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall. He became Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle in May, 1843, and first and principal Knight Grand Cross and Acting Great Master of the Order of the Bath in June, 1843. He was also made High Steward of Plymouth in June, 1843, and Captain-General and Colonel of the Artillery Company in September of that year. His election as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge took place on the 27th of February, 1847. He was High Steward of New Windsor in July, 1850. In August, 1850, he became Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Rifles, and President of the Zoological Society in July 1851. On the 28th of September, 1852, he was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade and Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, on the death of the Duke of Wellington. On the 19th of October of the same year he was nominated Master of the Trinity House. In February, 1856, he was made Knight of the Order of the Seraphim by the King of Sweden. His creation as Prince Consort was effected by letters patent, dated the 2nd of July, 1857; and he was elected President of the Horticultural Society in February, 1858.

It must not be supposed that most of these posts we have enumerated were sinecures. The Prince Consort was indefatigable as a man of business. There are those whose duties have called them to the Vauxhall-road or towards Paddington in early morning who can testify to passing often and often a private carriage containing the well-known face driving townwards on some business connected with the Stannaries or the Duchy of Cornwall, or some of the multifarious associations to which he lent the assistance of his name and industry, and so common were the paragraphs in the *Court Circular* announcing that his Royal Highness "arrived in town from Windsor and transacted business" at this or that office, and then returned again, that they almost at last ceased to excite even passing attention. Under his careful superintendence the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall have nearly trebled—a splendid legacy to the young son he leaves behind, both from its intrinsic worth and the example it conveys.

It was not until some time after his marriage that he began to co-operate actively in the enterprises of social progress. His first care was to acquaint himself thoroughly with the character of the nation with whose fortunes he had united his own. It is well known that after his marriage he read a course of English constitutional history and law with an eminent barrister. When at length the Prince came more prominently before the public, he manifested a delicate appreciation of his position in abstaining from questions of party politics; but occasions arose when he showed that he had penetrated the spirit of our institutions. The speech in which during the Crimean War he spoke of constitutional government as being "on its trial" is not, we believe, included in the collection of his addresses, published by the Society of Arts. The expression was sure to attract notice, and has since been mentioned at intervals to his prejudice. Looking back at the period, and remembering the disasters which, in spite of the heroism of our soldiers, attended our arms, we can now see that the Prince was not possibly expressing doubt as to the issue of that "trial," but rather reminding his audience how much the credit of free government, and the probability of its adoption abroad, depended on the efforts the nation was then called to make. Against the ambiguities of the speech at the Trinity House may be set the speech at St. Martin's Hall, a distinct and hearty tribute to the excellence of the form of government prevailing in England:—"To this country belongs the honour of having succeeded in the mighty task with which other nations are still wrestling—the task of reconciling, as far as the State is concerned, the principles of individual liberty and of allegiance and submission to the will of the community, and thus of making its political Constitution an object of admiration to the world." But the Prince did not love topics which brought him within range of political questions. All his public appearances were governed by excellent taste and judgment. "From the moment," he said on one occasion, "that I was united to the Sovereign to whom it had become my privilege to devote my whole existence I felt I could belong only to the nation at large." Although ready on occasion with arguments to defend the course he took against possible objections, he preferred to associate himself with endeavours to promote social improvement, on principles commonly accepted. On such occasions he showed an acquaintance with the structure of society in this country which many a born Englishman lacked. One of his earliest speeches was made at a meeting of the society for encouraging and assisting domestic servants to make a provision for old age. The first was delivered at the meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes. No philanthropist could plead more heartily than the Prince Consort for works of this order, and no political economist could perceive more clearly the importance of not urging them to a point at which they would subvert individual independence and self-reliance. "Depend upon it," he would say, "the interests of classes, too often contrasted, are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every person; but it is more particularly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each to individual exertions, and to make all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that these imperfections can be supplied and these wants satisfied."

To the promotion of adult education and the cultivation of the fine arts the Prince dedicated a special ardour and industry. He drew well himself, as the different Sketches we this day publish from drawings made by him testify. The Exhibition of 1851, which might never have become a reality without his zeal and perseverance, was but the commencement of a series of plans and exertions to raise the æsthetic character of our principal manufactures to the level of the best productions of the Continent. So highly did his knowledge on all scientific subjects stand that the British Association for the Advancement of Science made him their president in the year 1859, when he made an address which produced a great sensation at the time, and which worthily upheld the reputation of a chair already made illustrious by a Murchison and a Brougham. Nor did the Prince confine his attention to pursuits in which his station secured him pre-eminence. The interest he took in agriculture was shown not only at Windsor, but in the exhibitions at which he submitted specimens of the produce of his farm in competition with his fellow-subjects.

But it is the manner in which he bore himself in his relations to our Sovereign Lady the Queen that has above all secured him the esteem, and now, as each one of us for himself begins to find, the warm affection of the nation. For ever honoured be the memory of the Prince under whom the first family in this realm has uniformly been an example of every private and social virtue. It is something that in a generation when manners are relaxed, and loose theories of social obligations are current, the authority and influence of the Royal family have been active to maintain a high standard of purity. Surely it was a beneficent Providence which gave our Princes a father so well fitted to form them to nobility and virtue.

There was every reason to hope that the Prince Consort would long remain to be the companion and adviser of the Queen. He was only forty-two years of age, strong, and of unimpaired constitution. But again we are reminded that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

About sixteen or seventeen days ago he was taken ill. Symptoms of fever, accompanied by a general indisposition, made their appearance. For some days the complaint was not considered to be serious, but from the early part of last week the medical men in attendance and the persons about the Court began to feel anxious. It became evident that, even if the disorder did not take a dangerous turn, a debilitating sickness would at least confine the Prince for some time to the Palace. It need not be said that no statement was made which could unnecessarily alarm her Majesty or the public. It was not till Wednesday week, when the fever had gained head and the patient was much weakened, that the first bulletin was issued, and even then it was said that the symptoms were not unfavourable. In short, it was considered to be an ordinary though severe case of gastric fever, from which a person of the Prince's age and strength, aided by the skill of the first physicians in the country, might be reasonably expected to recover. The usual routine of the Court was consequently not departed from, and though, as we have said, much anxiety prevailed, it was not thought necessary to communicate these apprehensions to the Queen.

We believe, however, that the Prince himself had for some days a melancholy conviction that his end was at hand. The recent death of his relative the King of Portugal from a similar disorder is understood to have had an unfortunate influence upon him, and possibly assisted the progress of the malady. It is said that as early as Wednesday week the Prince expressed his belief that he should not recover. The next day no material change took place in his condition: and on the following morning the Queen took a drive, having at that time no suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, her Majesty returned to the castle the extremities of the patient were already cold, so sudden had been the fresh access of the disorder. The alarming bulletin of Friday week was then published. From that time the state of the Prince was one of the greatest danger. On Friday evening it was thought probable that he would not survive the night; and the Prince of Wales, who had been telegraphed for to Cambridge, arrived at the castle by special train about three o'clock on Saturday morning. All night the Prince continued very ill, but in the forenoon of Saturday a change for the better took place. Unhappily, it was only the rally which so often precedes dissolution; but it gave great hopes to the eminent physicians in attendance, and was communicated to the public as soon as possible. The ray of hope was fated soon to be quenched. About four o'clock in the afternoon a relapse took place, and the Prince, who from the time of his severe seizure on Friday had been sustained by stimulants, began gradually to sink. It was half-past four when the last bulletin was issued, announcing that the patient was in a critical state. From that time there was no hope. When the improvement took place on Saturday it was agreed by the medical men that if the patient could be carried over one more night his life would in all probability be saved. But the sudden failure of vital power which occurred in the afternoon frustrated these hopes. Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in, the Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler, and he expired without pain at a few minutes before eleven o'clock. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last. The Duke of Cambridge and the following gentlemen connected with the Court were present—General Bruce, Sir Charles Phipps, General Grey, General Bentinck, Lord Alfred Paget, Major Du Plat, General Seymour, Colonel Elphinstone, and the Dean of Windsor.

It must have cheered the last moments of the illustrious patient to see his wife surrounded by all his children round his bed. The Princess Royal, who is at Berlin, was prevented by recent severe indisposition from travelling, and, indeed, the death of the Prince followed too soon on the discovery of his danger for such a journey to have availed her. Prince Alfred is serving on board his ship on the other side of the Atlantic; but the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice were by his side, together with several of the younger members of the family. Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly. Her Royal Highness has, indeed, felt that it was her place to be a comfort and support to her mother in this affliction, and to her dutiful care we may perhaps owe it that the Queen has borne her loss with exemplary resignation, and a composure which, under so sudden and so terrible a bereavement could not have been anticipated.

This fact will, we are sure, give the greatest satisfaction to the country; and we may add that, after the death of the Prince, the Queen, when the first passionate burst of grief was over, called her children around her, and, with a calmness which gives proof of great natural energy, addressed them in solemn and affectionate terms, which may be considered as indicating the intentions of a Sovereign who feels that the interests of a great nation depend on her firmness. Her Majesty declared to her family that, though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance, in order that she might do her duty to them and to the country. That her Majesty may have health and strength to fulfil these noble intentions, and that she may live many years in placid cheerfulness and peace of mind, alleviating the recollection of her loss by sharing the happiness of her children, will be the earnest prayer of all her subjects. Her Majesty and the Princesses have left for Osborne, and will remain there until after the funeral, which will take place on Monday next.

ONE MORE "REBEL" IN THE SOUTH.—On the 10th inst., at Richmond, Mrs. Jefferson Davis added one more to the family of the President of the Southern Confederation. Whether son or daughter is not stated, but we are told that mother and child were "doing well" at the last accounts.

Home News.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

A UNIVERSAL feeling of gloom was spread over the metropolis from an early hour on Sunday morning when the mournful intelligence of the death of the Prince Consort became known. In nearly every place of worship, without distinction of sect, the event formed a theme for discourses, in which the deep loss the nation has sustained was dwelt upon, and in the course of which expressions of sympathy, which produced a fervent response, were given utterance to for her who is the greatest sufferer by the calamity. During the day all the shipping in the river had their flags half-mast high, and the Royal standard was also hoisted half mast high at the Tower, of which the illustrious Prince was Chief Constable, an office he had filled since the death of the Duke of Wellington.

The sad news was received by telegraph at all the chief towns of the country on Sunday, and caused much heartfelt sympathy to be expressed for the loss our beloved Sovereign has sustained.

According to the latest official news "the Queen remains as calm under her affliction as can be expected."

A supplement to the *London Gazette Extraordinary* was published on Monday, giving the following directions with regard to mourning:—"Orders for the Court to go into Mourning for his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort.—The ladies attending Court to wear black woollen stuffs, trimmed with crape, plain linen, black shoes and gloves, and crape fans. The gentlemen attending Court to wear black cloth, plain linen, crape hatbands, and black swords and buckles. The mourning to commence from the date of this order."

"Deputy Earl Marshal's Order for a General Mourning for his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort:—In pursuance of her Majesty's commands this is to give public notice, that upon the melancholy occasion of the death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort it is expected that all persons do forthwith put themselves into decent mourning."

In the metropolis the shops of all tradesmen were partially closed; the ships in the river had their flags hoisted half-mast high, and this token of respect was joined in by the ships of all nations. On Monday the theatres and music-halls were closed: they are again to be closed next Monday, the day of the funeral. The Regiments of Life and Foot Guards had crape attached to their colours, and, in fact, wherever one turned throughout this vast metropolis, symbols of mourning met the eye. The Judges met in consultation on Monday morning to consider whether they ought not to adjourn on the melancholy occasion; but, considering the delay and the expense that would thereby accrue both to suitors and witnesses, they concluded that it would be acting more in accordance with her Majesty's wish if they did not suspend the administration of justice.

As the slightest details in reference to the melancholy subject which has now so large a share in the public mind are interesting, we give the following extracts from a Windsor correspondent of a provincial contemporary writing on Sunday:—"A gentleman who has seen the corpse informs me that the features have more than the usual pallor of death. The face, always composed and statuesque in expression, is wonderfully calm, placid, and peaceful in death. It is as if the figure had been suddenly transmuted into the whitest alabaster. It appears that Prince Albert has not been in a good state of health since his return from Scotland. His illness dates, however, from his visit to the Prince of Wales at Cambridge about a month ago, when he went out shooting, got wet through, and, it is said, was imprudent enough to sit in his wet clothes. The private apartments and corridors at Windsor Castle are, I hear, kept at a temperature of about 60, and hence the Prince took with him to Cambridge a susceptibility to cold which rendered any long exposure imprudent, if not dangerous. About a fortnight since the Queen and Prince Consort reviewed the Eton School Volunteer Rifle Corps. The rain fell fast during the ceremony, and the Prince was seized on the ground with pains in the back, resembling an attack of lumbago. He became feverish and complained of pains in his limbs. Confinement to his room was ordered. Gastric fever supervened, and wasted his strength. Typhoid fever followed, and his five physicians were unable to make head against this combination of maladies I hear that Sir James Clark, a week ago, prophesied that last night would be the crisis of the patient's disorder. Sir James and Dr. Jenner remain at the castle, as a matter of caution. It is consolatory to know that there is nothing infectious in the disease which carried off the Prince. The marriage of the Princess Alice will be, it is believed, postponed for another year."

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.—Preliminaries for the prompt dispatch of soldiers, sailors, and marines, together with military and commissariat stores, as well as ammunition and ordnance, including rifle and smooth-bore guns, continue to be pushed forward with the utmost alacrity. The preparation of ships of war is continued, every day adding to the list of those in commission; and most of the Line regiments have been directed to commence recruiting.

THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.—Regulations have been published for officers of merchants' service desirous of enrolling themselves officers of the Royal Naval Reserve. Amongst the regulations are the following:—The total officers are not to exceed 400—namely, 130 Lieutenants and 270 Sub-Lieutenants. Each class is to rank with, but after, corresponding ranks in the Royal Navy. There are also to be 100 honorary Lieutenants, consisting of masters of merchant-vessels who are about forty-five years of age. Officers, according to length or character of service, will be eligible to receive commissions in the Royal Navy of the same grade as that with which they may rank at the time. Officers distinguishing themselves in action or by the character and length of their service may be promoted to the higher honorary ranks of Commander and Captain of the Naval Reserve. Officers receiving wounds and widows of officers killed in action will be entitled so the same pensions and allowances as those in the Royal Navy.

RETURN OF EMIGRANTS.—A party of returned emigrants from America, passengers by the Niagara, arrived on Tuesday week at the Euston terminus of the London and North-Western Railway from New York, via Liverpool. They consisted chiefly of persons of small means who had left this country four or five years ago, and established themselves as shopkeepers in New York and Boston. They state that numerous English families are about to leave the Northern States in apprehension of a war breaking out with England, and that several had already embarked on board the City of Washington, which is daily expected at Liverpool.

MONEY ORDERS.—On the 1st of January, 1862, and thenceforward, the limit of the amount for which a single money order can be issued will be extended to £10, instead of being restricted to £5, as hitherto. The following table shows the rates of commission which will from that date be charged on inland and colonial money orders—viz., for sums not exceeding £2 (if payable in the United Kingdom), 3d.; not exceeding £5, 6d.; not exceeding £7, 9d.; not exceeding £10, 1s. If payable in Canada, not exceeding £2, 1s.; not exceeding £5, 2s.; not exceeding £7, 3s.; not exceeding £10, 4s. If payable in Malta and Gibraltar, not exceeding £2, 9d.; not exceeding £5, 1s. 6d.; not exceeding £7, 2s. 3d.; not exceeding £10, 3s. In all other respects the issue and payment of inland and colonial money orders will remain as at present.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.—At the Chamber of Commerce at Edinburgh on Friday week a motion was made by the members to memorialise the Government to do the utmost in their power to act on the resolution proposed by the British Government to the Paris Conference of 1856, to have recourse to arbitration before appealing to arms. Several members having opposed the motion on the ground that it might perhaps be construed into an expression of want of confidence in Government, the mover, though disclaiming that idea, consented to withdraw the motion. On the previous day a large prayer meeting was held in the Free Assembly Hall, Castle-hill, Edinburgh, "for the purpose of supplicating Almighty God that it might please Him, in mercy, to avert the threatened war with America." Major-General Anderson occupied the chair.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL addressed his constituents at Bury, in Lancashire, on Wednesday week. He discussed the seizure of the Southern commissioners in a calm spirit. As to the ground on which we impeached the legality of the act he said there could be no question whatever. The men might have been liable to seizure; but they were not legal prizes until they were condemned by a decree of a competent court of justice. They were under the protection of England, of which they could not be divested except by judicial sentence. It would be idle to speculate upon the answer of the American Government. In the interim, our course should be to hope for the best and prepare for the worst.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT are gradually coming out on the American question. On Wednesday week three were added to the list—Sir F. Baring and Sir J. Elphinstone at Portsmouth, and Lord Robert Montagu at Huntingdon. The two former took the "outrage" side of the Trent affair, both wished for peace, but both were very belligerently inclined if the answer of the American Government were not satisfactory to the British people. Lord Robert Montagu took quite the opposite side, and strongly condemned "this frenzy, this panic of war." His Lordship's opinion was that the "right of search" was a necessary part of the naval supremacy of the country, and, if the Trent "outrage" were repelled, Great Britain would, by her example, put an end to a policy which was the basis of her strength in time of war. Mr. Charles Buxton, M. P., has delivered a thoughtful speech on the American difficulty. Addressing his constituents at Maidstone, on Thursday week, he proposed arbitration instead of war. And not only that, but he carefully gave his reasons for doing so. If there is anything at all in the assertion that the feeling in America would be a bar to the restoration of Messrs. Mason and Slidell by the United States' Government, there is certainly a good deal of method in Mr. Buxton's suggestion, that what national spirit might refuse to England would probably be conceded to a third Power that had no direct interest in the matter. There is nobody, we may reasonably hope, that desires a war with America if it can be honourably avoided, and the suggestion of Mr. Buxton is deserving of serious consideration.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET was held on Monday, and the quantity as well as quality of the stock brought to market was held by good judges to be superior to that of any former occasion. The animals rapidly changed hands at good prices, and the principal thoroughfares were occupied with the droves up to a pretty late hour in the afternoon.

MR. ROBERT BESLEY has been elected Alderman for the ward of Aldersgate, in place of the late Sir Peter Laurie.

FAMINE IN IRELAND.—Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, has written another letter to the Premier, calling his attention to the approaching famine in Ireland. He says the lives of hundreds of thousands are depending on a "miserable" esculent, never ripened, and now in a state of decay." The Archbishop makes a very powerful appeal on behalf of these poor creatures, and he compares the efforts of the French Government, under similar circumstances, with the tardy steps taken by British Cabinets when the food of Ireland is scarce and her people are suffering the pangs of hunger.

POACHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A gentleman who rents a moor on the line of a recently-projected railway in the west of Scotland was a few days ago taking a quiet snooze after his diurnal toil, when his slumbers were interrupted by the entrance of an excited assistant-keeper, who informed him that a party of poachers were in the glen pursuing their felonious avocations with a brass cannon mounted on a rest, and requested his help to capture them. Muttering an anathema on all poachers, &c., he set out with the keeper for the spot, and, on reaching it, found that the suspected game-destroyers were a party of engineers taking the railway-level with a theodolite.

COMMANDER WILLIAMS ON THE TRENT "AFFAIR." Commander Williams, R.N., of the Trent, was entertained at dinner on Thursday week by the Royal Western Yacht Club, of which he is a member, in the club dining-room at Millbay, Plymouth. We make the following extracts from a long, rambling speech he made in reply to the toast of his health:—A very few minutes after the San Jacinto was descried they hoisted their ensign on board the Trent. It was not responded to. As they approached the San Jacinto a shot was fired across the bows of the Trent. They proceeded slowly, and put her helm astarboard and approached. They were not half a cable's length from her. He would say she stopped, except that she had steerage-way, when a shell was fired across her bows, and that was the way which it had been thought proper to style as "unexceptionable." With regard to the manner in which Lieut. Fairfax and he parted, Mr. Fairfax came to him on the main-deck, hat in hand, and said in effect:—"Sir, I have a painful duty to perform, and if in the excitement of the moment I have said aught that by possibility can be construed into a personal offence or an insult towards you, I must humbly beg your pardon, Sir, for I never meant it." He replied, "Mr. Fairfax, I have had a painful scene to witness—a scene of degradation to my country's flag (Hear, hear). I do not deny that my feelings have been greatly excited, but if by any gesture I have done aught to offend you, as a man there is my hand, Sir, and I crave your forgiveness." . . . . Mr. Fairfax had denied that the marines made a rush towards Miss Slidell at the charge with fixed bayonets, but he (Commander Williams) most positively affirmed that they did so. Miss Slidell did strike Mr. Fairfax, but she did not do it with the vulgarity of gesture which has been attributed to her. Miss Slidell was with her father in the cabin, with her arm encircling his neck, and she wanted to be taken to prison with him. Mr. Fairfax attempted to get into the cabin—he did not say forcibly, for he did not say a word against Mr. Fairfax, so far as his manner was concerned—he attempted to get her away by inducements. In her agony, then, she did strike him in the face three times. With regard to the circumstances attending the marines rushing with the points of their bayonets at Miss Slidell, it was then that she screamed for her father, who broke the window of his cabin, through which he thrust himself; and as she screamed he (Commander Williams) had just time to put his body between their bayonets and Miss Slidell.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The polling in Finsbury took place on Monday. Mr. Cox had 4884 votes, and Mr. Mills 4842; the former thus winning the day by 42 majority. For Nottingham the two Liberals, Sir Robert Clifton and Lord Lincoln, are still in the field; but Mr. Bromley, the Conservative, has retired.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—Mr. William Harrison, of Wharram-le-Street, on the Yorkshire Wolds, when hunting with Lord Middleton's foxhounds at Settrington on the 12th, jumped, on his famed chestnut gelding Garibaldi, the immense distance of 31ft. over high posts and rails.

A CASE OF COMPENSATION FOR A RAILWAY ACCIDENT was tried on Thursday week in the Court of Queen's Bench. A Mr. Dugdale received several severe injuries by reason of an accident that befell an excursion-train in which he was a passenger on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, and he had refused the compensation which the company offered him. There were about a hundred persons injured, besides about eleven killed; but the plaintiff was the only one of the sufferers whose case had come into court. The jury awarded him £1000 damages.

A MONSTER TRAIN.—The *Bombay Gazette* says that a train consisting of seventy-seven carriages was run from Surat to Baroda the day before the fair held on the Dussera festival. When it passed over the Taptee and Nurbudda iron bridges the passengers offered to the rivers cocoanuts in such large quantities that the waters for the time seemed quite covered with them. It is said that this shower of cocoanuts was offered that the rivers over which such monster trains were to pass might not open "their wide mouths and swallow up the human freight."

ROSENAU, NEAR COBURG, THE BIRTHPLACE OF PRINCE ALBERT, AUGUST 26, 1819.

WINDSOR CASTLE, WHERE THE PRINCE DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1861.—SEE PAGE 175.

Two Black Masks.

BY

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

The worst was over in Paris. The fury of the Revolution was spent. It had been short and sharp. The three days of July had reaped a little army of martyrs, who were to have their column in due time, that succeeding generations of Frenchmen might learn how their forefathers could fight for liberty. New men and new journals appeared. At sunset along the Boulevards loungers eagerly bought the evening papers, that they might know who was floating to the surface.

It has been said that the eagle and the reptile can reach the apex of the pyramid; events discovered both at the summit. Brave defenders of freedom of speech and action, stanch haters of Polignac, true and good to the backbone, were there. By their side were mean timeservers, who had watched the opening of 'dirty ways and had crawled through them. "Friend, take the bad with the good," says our cosmopolitan friend, who has seen everything and is able to look with equal placidity upon a wedding or a murder. "It is a jumble, my boy, this life of ours. Don't turn cynic over it. In the very worst part of it, in Cain, whom you see with an uplifted hand, there is a redeeming touch. He is not all bad. Never judge without reserve of any human action. The mean driveller, who is whining his way into employment (as a spy) of the men whom he dogged, in the enemy's employ, not many months ago, is not wholly lost. There are children of his who delight in his company and repay his affection, and would smite you, if they could, should you speak ill of him in their presence. Lies are not disgraceful in all countries; nor is robbery. On the other hand, pull your heroes to pieces, you will find much rubbish and rottenness under the sublime contour. Tears have come above hearts of stone before now. Your philanthropist who has wept over the woes of prisoners has gone home to oppress and be the tyrant over his own son. There is no great block of marble that has no speck in it." *Connu!* Granted. But, while these many people pace these Boulevards in mourning, weeping for brothers and husbands dead, I must take leave to observe that, if I may not be a cynic, I shall throw my hat up and cheer when the noble and the good pass this way. Indeed, I have no wish to pull down temples that I may show that there are faults in their foundation. I see the bad and avoid and pity them; but I shall not confound them with the good, and judge the individual by the doctrine of averages.

"The worst was over in Paris, I repeat. A junior Bourbon had promised to respect a very liberal—a properly and justly liberal—charter. Fat Charles had been sent to play cards elsewhere, and would return no more. The Lieutenant-General, a King who had learned experience in many lands, and was as humble as his own valet, would be only the meek representative of the sovereignty of the people. He

TWO BLACK MASKS.—JULES'S FRIENDS TURNING THE COLD SHOULDER UPON HIM.

would not put the crown upon his head with his own hand, but would render a lasting obligation to the first blouse who would condescend to do this office for him. He was King of the French—not of France. He was sovereign, not by right Divine, but by the will of his subjects: and he was their very humble servant. The goddess whom the French had wooed with tears of blood had come at last, and had housed herself in the Tuileries. France was delighted with the new tenant of her palace. It was in this new sunshine that the paragraph described in the last chapter appeared in the Paris papers.

Sebastien and Jules had remarked during their embarrassments, that friends who had been in the habit of calling to breakfast with them had not called often of late. This was not a profound remark. The fellow with not more than an ounce added to the weight of a monkey's brain may gauge his prosperity and his popularity (and it is difficult to distinguish between the two) by the state of his card-basket. Jules had remarked that when he sate over his absinthe at the great stockbrokes' café opposite the Rue Vivienne, fellows who had been in the habit of courting his society nodded and passed on. He had remarked an unwonted coldness in his reception at the billiard-room he had been in the habit of frequenting. The habitués no longer appealed to him about foul or perfect strokes. Some ladies whom he knew very well had not seen him in the Bois de Boulogne, although the wheels of their carriages had almost touched his. Sebastien in his turn consented to allow, when pressed by Jules, that certain great financial dignitaries of his acquaintance had given him the cold shoulder on the Bourse. All these symptoms of failing credit had appeared since the last interview at which the reader had the honour of being present. When the Revolution burst the peril of the brothers was known only to themselves; or, whether known only to themselves or not, every man was so deeply engaged in the absorbing business of looking after himself, and events were so exciting, that there was no opportunity for the observation of nice distinctions in behaviour. It was when the public mind calmed that they were able to remark the coolness of their own friends. Nobody knew anything or thought anything about his neighbour; while the soldiers and the mob were in the streets. Men ate, and drank, and smoked as usual through the fiercest of the fighting; but their meetings were fortuitous, and they missed nobody from his usual rendezvous. The papers and the walls engrossed their attention. The first comer was as welcome as the oldest friend.

The news from Beauregard speedily changed the aspect of affairs. Credit came back to the brothers. Jules, who had been the first to notice the coldness of old associates, was disgusted with the sudden reanination of their welcome. He was once more hailed in the cafés; invited to breakfasts; hailed at the billiard-table; greeted with more than passing courtesies in the Bois de Boulonge and on the Boulevards.

"Blackguards!" he cried to his brother when they were alone. "Fellows who would not shake me by the hand a fortnight ago now ask me why I have been so cold of late."

"Be a man of the world!" said Sebastien." "Be a man of the world and use them!"

"I wish I had your coolness; I wish it from the bottom of my heart, and a thousand times a day. But I am not strong; I am not strong, and I know it."

"My coolness," Sebastien answered somewhat contemptuously, "I am nothing to the men who have made a great figure. Great things are not done by milksops."

"Well, well, I'm fairly on the road, and I shall be better presently," said Jules, but despondingly. "I may have my regrets, my terrible hours of lonely thinking, but you shall not be pestered with them. We are bound for life and death."

Sebastien turned savagely upon his brother, dashed the papers before him upon his bureau, folded his arms, and rose to speak emphatically to him.

"Look at me, Jules. Let us speak in this way once for all. Am I engaged on my own business solely? Have you or I had the hardest fight? While you have been amusing yourself all over Paris; while you have breakfasted, dined, and supped off the best; while you have spent your evenings at the theatres or balls; now masquerading with your boon companions, and now enjoying the society of the fairest women in the city, where, I ask you, and answer me this frankly, where have I been?"

Jules would have interrupted the speaker, but the little speaker was too excited to listen to a remonstrance.

"Why, I have been nailed to my desk. I have spent hours far into the night making calculations; torturing my brain with devices and plans. When you have returned home, singing in the morning light, you have found me worn out with work at my desk, Sir—and still at my desk I ask you, then, why I should be cool and still eager to go to the end, while you are maundering and whining over little slights and shrugs of the shoulders? Am I not to be considered—thought of—as having the same feelings with yourself, because I don't give way to weak and boyish regrets and tears? I tell you, Jules, that my waking hours are not all sunshine. I take, I repeat, all that is hard and wearisome in our partnership; I devote myself without flinching to the work, but I will not—understand this henceforth—I will not be pestered with these reproachful ebullitions of your weakness."

Jules twirled his cigarette very nervously while these reproaches were being addressed to him; and he looked very sheepish when his brother, having brought his outburst to a close, stared at him, and waited angrily for some answer. At last the big boy—for he was a bearded boy and nothing more—clasped both Sebastien's hands, and said:—

"Sebastien! dear Sebastien! we are linked indissolubly together. There is a common seal on our fate that nothing under heaven can break. I know and feel my fault, my injustice. Will you forgive me?"

Sebastien shrugged his shoulders, and turned back to his desk. Jules looked at him in despair.

"Say, then," Jules cried, in a voice vibrating with passion, "say what you want me to think or do. How shall I act? What shall I say? I am your poor, humble slave."

"Slave! slave!" Sebastien shrieked, jumping once more to his legs. "You my slave!" "Tut! It's hopeless. What can I do with you, hope from you, if you will not be a man? Am I not only to do all our work but to instruct you also in the way you are to behave? I want no slave, no servant. I want a man as strong and firm as myself. Am I to call you a coward to rouse you to speak as you should speak?"

Jules laid his hand quietly and impressively upon his brothers' shoulder, but Sebastien shrank from the caress.

"Brother, brother," poor Jules muttered, "I can dare, *as you know*."

"And fall back a coward, when you think of the passing courage—the spasm of courage—you have shown. Why, a woman has more than this.

"Reproach me, but listen to me while I promise. You shall not again hear a murmur from me. I will be the gayest among my friends; I will wear an open and glad face all day long; I will return smiling to you always; what you ask me to do shall be done without a question; at least, I shall not be again reproached for my courage."

"I should only be delighted to believe that you will redeem one half you promise," was Sebastien's cool answer.

"You shall see that I have the strength for which you cannot give me credit. But own, Sebastien, that the weakness I have shown is not unnatural."

Sebastien answered, "I own nothing. I retract no word. I am firm as when you first provoked me to speak, because in your selfishness you make no allowance for me You have never once thought for an instant that I had an hour's care or torment. Men are not the less sensitive because they don't cry."

"I cannot please you, Sebastien, and must be content to remain under your displeasure. I can only hope that the day will come when you will think better of me. Let us end this painful meeting."

"End it! Not so, Jules. We must come to a solemn understanding before we part for the night."

"I will agree to anything—everything."

Sebastien shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous reply to his brother, and continued, "Your usual weakness; but understand this, Jules"—here the little brother put on his most impressive air—"there must be a solemn compact made between us. We are engaged in serious matters. We are on no ordinary chopping and changing on the Bourse. To be steadfast we must be silent—silent as the grave."

Jules started and grew pale.

"We are now, or shall shortly be declared, men of undispated fortune. We are beyond the world. We are inheritors of great wealth. But there is need for firmness—even for boldness. The business matters we have in hand must be carried on vigorously; and we are now assured of being able to carry them on with success. We are business men and brothers, and no more. To ourselves, henceforth, we must be no more. All our energies and thoughts must lie towards the future; our backs must be resolutely turned upon the past. The succession we have to settle; the law-forms we have to go through; the men we have to consult—you understand; we are brothers and partners, and we are dumb beyond; not a word, a murmur, a regret must pass between us, hence to death. Is it so?"

Sebastien stared steadfastly into his brother's pale face, and held out his hand. Jules grasped it, and his lip quivered while he agreed. A hot tear fell upon the little man's hand while his brother held it.

"Pah!" cried Sebastien, drawing his lean fingers away. "But remember—never again while we live."

Sebastien turned to his papers, and resumed his pen.

CHAPTER XIV.

The remains of the poor Count and Countess, with those of their little son, were removed to the house of Mdme. Souchet pending the arrival of the Count's brothers from Paris. Never in the whole course of her life had the landlady of the Bon Voyageur been so honoured. She cried and worked without ceasing. She consulted with the Curé and the gendarmes every ten minutes; and vowed to everybody who came within her doors that everything under her roof was at the absolute disposition of the poor dear lost Count's family. She never believed that she had paid sufficient honour to the remains which had been confided to her keeping. When the undertakers came and hung a broad black cloth along the front of her house (looping it up at the doorway that people might go in and out) she was somewhat reconciled to her position. "The dear creatures!" she would exclaim, "let us show them that we, at least, respected them in life. And that dear lamb of a child, too, gone! and with such a fine fortune to expect."

"And that charming lady, the Countess," a female gossip answered, taking up the general wail. "Didn't she send me ten francs when little Isidore was born?"

There are people specially ordained to shine at funerals. When Death stalks into a house and hushes and chills all, while he lays his conquering fingers upon him who is wanted, these specially-appointed and constituted folk turn up suddenly, as from the earth. They are busy about the bed of death when all except themselves are convulsed with grief. They are ready with the set forms of premature consolation, which torture, if, indeed, they are intended to heal. They shine bright and particular stars when the funeral pomp is preparing, and to them the odour of funeral meats heating in the oven is the promise of a delightful banquet. They linger over the corpse and are loth to leave it. They undertake to arrange the smallest details of the last sad offices, and step at last, proud of their work, into the funeral carriage. These human corpse-lights are in the wake of every family. The head of a house dies, whereupon half a dozen people, distant and haply poor relations, come round the house and take possession of it. Widow and children are too grieved to be active. The corpse-lights have their value them. They perform the business necessary to the occasion, put on a demurely sad expression, speak of him who is no more as "the dear departed," and regulate to a nicety the depth of crape each mourner should wear, as well as his proper place in his proper coach.

Beaucegard had its contingent of funeral busybodies, and this contingent was very strong at the Bon Voyageur. Half a dozen elderly women were perpetually chattering together in a whisper, with Mdme. Souchet for their centre. A most interesting conversation was held on all the horrors with which the discovery of the bodies was accompanied. It would be impossible to afford the reader even a sample of this conversation, if a sample were desirable, because it was conducted in hissing whispers, with closed doors. But I make bold to assert that every crone gave her experience and impressions about every corpse she had seen—about every funeral in the arrangements of which she had taken part. The present case had that in it which gave a particular zest to the conversation. The successors of the Count were hourly expected, and these old women shrewdly guessed that new inheritors of a large fortune would be inclined to act liberally towards all persons who had been active in recovering the remains of their relatives, or in decently disposing them for interment after they had been found.

A trusty messenger from the brothers Sebastien and Jules was the first to arrive. He had been long in the domestic employ of the former, and could be thoroughly depended upon to act with discretion. His arrival created a great commotion throughout the village. M. Louis did not fail to presume on his importance. His Paris airs overawed the villagers. As he posed himself, his hat daintily cocked aside, and listened to the gabble of the old women who at once surrounded him, he had the air of a great man besieged by serfs praying for mercy. He loftily called them "his friends," and bade them be assured that none of them should be forgotten. The trepidation of Mdme. Souchet when M. Louis ordered dinner and required to know what sherry she had in her house was painful, and, indeed, made her spill one of the pancakes she was endeavouring to turn out perfect. M. Louis had the best of everything—the oldest bordeaux, the plumpest chicken, and some brandy (possibly the famous comet brandy) which the late M. Souchet had long reserved for some great folk which, it was his belief to his dying day, would some day alight at the Bon Voyageur and make it immortal. In this conviction M. Souchet lived and died: not a disappointed man, because he never lost faith in the coming greatness.

M. Louis, having regaled himself in a private room, having paid a visit to the Curé on the subject of the funeral, and having admitted the sergeant of gendarmes to an interview, declared that he was ready to see anybody who deserved well of his master. His arrival had brought a little crowd about the inn doors. When Mdme. Souchet made known the urbanity of M. Louis, there was a rush towards the door of this affable gentleman's room.

The sergeant guarded it.

"One at a time; and make way for his Reverence the Curé," said the sergeant.

"I'm ashamed of you!" Mdme. Souchet remonstrated, curtseying at the same time to the Curé, as he passed into M. Louis's presence.

The old crones hung about, the most eager of the crowd. Each one pretended that she had done more than the rest; but, then, she would have done it, she was sure, for the poorest person in the commune.

M. Louis distributed little rewards here and there, under the Curé's direction, aided, occasionally, by the advice of the sergeant. The many were discontented and the few were satisfied. Parot got the largest reward. It was generally allowed that he had worked like a horse. But where was Edmond, the real hero of the day?

Edmond had not stirred from his work. M. Louis sent for him, and there was great excitement among the villagers when he passed, rubbing his hands upon his leather apron, to receive his reward. Some villagers declared that his fortune was made.

"My brave fellow," cried M. Louis to the blacksmith, "you have behaved nobly!"

"Sir," Edmond gravely replied, "I have done my duty, like my neighbours, and no more."

"Come, come, Edmond," the Curé interposed, "let me speak for you. I have watched you throughout. You were first where there was danger. Once or twice I thought we had lost you altogether, you were so rash. You never ceased to work until you had recovered our poor unfortunate friends. You have been over every inch of the ruins; and if there had been a trace of poor little Henriette and her nurse you would have discovered it."

"Not a trace of them remains—I'll be sworn to that," said Edmond. "They must have been consumed by the fire till they were dust."

"Very shocking!" said M. Louis. "I am charged by the Count's brothers—for they are not yet composed enough, after their terrible loss, to do this office themselves—I am charged to reward all who helped in any way either to extinguish the fire or recover the lost bodies of their relatives."

"Pardon me," Edmond interrupted—"pardon me, Sir, I don't sell my services to those who are in distress. The goodwill of the Count's family and the tranquillity of my own conscience are the only rewards I desire."

"My son," said the Curé, again interposing, "you lose no dignity—you are not wanting in self-respect—when you accept the acknowledgment of a grateful heart. Gratitude is so sweet a quality that its exercise should never be checked. Be reasonable, and allow the Count's brothers to acquit themselves of at least a little of their debt."

"Gentlemen," Edmond answered, "I have made up my mind: nothing will alter my resolution. Be kind enough to convey to the kind gentlemen who intended to make me a present my sincere acknowledgments for their generosity, and tell them that I decline it, but with the utmost respect. Good evening."

"One moment, my man, since this is your fixed determination," said M. Louis. "Let me offer you the thanks of the family; and suffer me to hope that you will wait upon my master when he arrives."

Edmond shrugged his shoulders and strode from the room. When he joined his neighbours and told them that he declined to be paid for his services, he added, "I am not to be thanked and rewarded by a varlet and a coxcomb like that. With his mincing airs and patronising style, one would think he was one of the high nobility, and not the thing that is decked out like a peacock, to wait in lobbies and jump up behind the family coach. *You* may lounge about here; *I* shall go back to my work."

"He's as proud as Lucifer," said Parot, jingling his newgotten money in his pockets.

There were sufficient reasons why Sebastien went alone to Beauregard to attend the funeral of his brother, his sister-in-law, and their little son. Sebastien entered the village in a close travelling-carriage and went direct to the Bon Voyageur. Mdme. Souchet received him with all possible honour; and M. Louis, doffing his great manner, was the very lacquey. The Curé was also in attendance. The sergeant of gendarmes touched his hat, and the Big Corporal, in the same fashion, showed his respect. Sebastien could not restrain his emotion when he was conducted to the mortuary chamber. He stooped and kissed his dead brother's coffin, and cried, "Poor dear child!" as he leaned over the little boy stretched near his mother. The Curé whispered words of comfort; but for a time Sebastien refused to be comforted. Presently, turning to the Curé, he said, "And has no light been thrown on this dismal tragedy? Shall we never know more?"

"It is to me, Sir," the Cure replied, "a profound mystery. The gendarmes have tried in all directions; they have scoured the country, and have closely questioned everybody. One fact, and one only, have we got."

"And that?" was the eager question.

"It is this. One or two of the villagers saw, in the confusion—they swear they saw—two men wearing Black Masks."

"Ah! This is a clue to something, surely," said Sebastien, white with excitement.

"The sergeant will tell you, perhaps, more than I can."

"Call him."

The sergeant entered, and was severely examined by Sebastien.

"I would give ten thousand francs to solve this. It looks very black. Have you secured the men who gave you this information?"

The sergeant confessed that he had not. Whereupon Sebastien proceeded to demonstrate the importance of this precautionary measure. These informants might be bribed to make off, or they might be accomplices—the very men themselves.

"You think so, Sir?" said the sergeant, pulling his long moustache thoughtfully. "It might be as well."

"As well, sergeant!" Sebastien shouted angrily. "I know that it is the proper step to be taken. Have the authorities been here yet?"

"We expect the Under-Prefect, but he has not arrived."

"Then I will answer for it, sergeant," said Sebastien; "secure these men. It looks like foul play; and my brother's murder, if murdered he be, must be avenged."

The Curé endeavoured to calm Sebastien's excitement. "Sir, I will answer for these poor villagers at any rate. They haven't the skill, if they had the will, to lay so deep a plot as that which, if plot there be, has caused this misfortune to befall us. If these good creatures whose death we mourn be the victims of crime, the crime was hatched by cunning devils such as great cities produce."

Sebastien strained to look through the Curé as he spoke, but the simple pastor had no hidden meaning.

"I am not altogether of your opinion," Sebastien hastily answered. "The criminal rustic is cunning, and for ferocity excels all others: he poisons, and eats his supper coolly while his victim dies. His senses are dull, his"——

"Pardon me, Sir," the Curé gravely interposed. "Permit me to know the character of my parishioners well, and I will answer for heart and head, from one end of the village to the other. Take them; being innocent, you can but return them to me."

"Your faith does honour to you, Reverend Sir," Sebastien said; "but I am a man of the world."

The sergeant agreed with Sebastien that it was prudent to secure the witnesses who could swear to the presence of two Black Masks on the eventful night.

To the chagrin of the good Curé they were secured that night, and were marched off, amid the tears of the women, tied to the saddle-bows of the gendarmes.

The morning of the funeral dawned. The coffins stood by Mdme. Souchet's doorway, surrounded with wax tapers, and a grave old man in black stood by holding the holy-water. The villagers—men, women, and children—approached (the men bareheaded), and sprinkled water upon the dead. A temporary vault had been prepared in the village churchyard. The Curé, preceded by his crossbearer, walked slowly through the village to head the funeral procession. Edmond, from his half-closed smithy, watched him as he passed, and prepared to follow in his best clothes.

At dawn Sebastien had walked over the ruins of the château, and had made the minutest inquiries into the details of the fire. He could not understand how all traces of the nurse and the little girl had been lost. He directed a second search; but, although a few men undertook it, they knew that it would be fruitless. They respected, however, the anxious affection of the surviving relatives.

The entire village of Beauregard and many people from neighbouring communes followed the remains of the Count de Capelle, his wife, and child, to the grave.

Sebastien stood at the open grave. His face was white as the Curé's surplice. He appeared not to hear the prayers, nor to know that there was a second human being in the churchyard. His frame shook, his mouth worked, and his eyes started, fierce and full of fire, from his head as he gazed on that searing summer's day into the moist shadows of the narrow home where a dead brother lay.

The Curé whispered "Courage!" to him, but still he stared and trembled. Not a tear came, and when the service was over he was led from the ground cold and silent, and damp with the sweat of agony. He turned at last upon the stout man who had drawn him from the grave-side. Edmond's grey eyes looked full upon the mourner. Sebastien seemed to catch a hidden and an awful meaning in them. He drew back instinctively, and from that moment walked back alone, erect and calm, to his room under Mdme. Souchet's roof.

We take our final leave of Beauregard. A peaceful little roadside world, as far from the busy world we of great cities know as Paris is from the Himalayas. The oldest inhabitant of half a century since will not have witnessed anything approaching in interest the celebrated tragedy of the Revolution of 1830 which I have set before the reader. Its life will be a stream without a ripple. Mdme. Souchet will grow old before another noticeable stranger darkens her doors. The children that are playing in the gutters now will be nursing their grandchildren, and be only able to tell them faintly that once an awful calamity befell in Beauregard, and how all the actors in it have disappeared long ago.

Sebastien de Capelle's travelling carriage is at Mdme. Souchet's door, and the round eyes of all the village children are fixed upon it. It is a fairy coach tumbled from the skies to them. M. Louis packs it almost full of trunks and cases. Sebastien, in deep mourning, appears at the door. Mdme. Souchet is in tears. Gallantly Sebastien salutes his landlady on both cheeks, in token of her very great kindness under trying circumstances. The De Capelles have turned their back upon Beauregard. As the carriage passes on its way to Paris, Edmond pauses, as his wont is, at his work, shades his grey eyes from the sun, and stares at Sebastien; the traveller, Sebastien, was looking to the opposite side of the road. As the carriage cleared the village and toiled up the steep hill the sharp ring of the blacksmith's hammer smote upon the ear. And this is the last we shall hear of that hammer.

Recreations.

Mrs. F. B. Conway, who last week represented the character of Ion with more than ordinary grace at Sadler's Wells, is the sister of Mrs. Rogers, who now leads at the Lyceum. On Monday all the theatres were closed, with the music halls, and most other places of entertainment, out of respect for the late Prince Consort, whose death was announced with such startling suddenness on Sunday morning. Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells had previously closed for the season; but the Haymarket, the Princess', St. James's, the Lyceum, the Olympic, and the Strand still remained open on the other days of the week. From the St. James's Theatre Mr. Wigan retires, and is followed at Christmas by Mr. George Vining, who promises a new classical, mythological burlesque extravaganza by Mr. W. Brough for Boxing Night. Great exertions are being made at Drury Lane to produce with the utmost effect the new pantomime by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, of which morning performances will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Our readers are already acquainted with the subject, that of "The House that Jack Built," including an underplot on "Old Mother Hubbard and her Wonderful Dog." The scenery, by Mr. Beverley, is pronounced capital. The Haymarket remains open to Monday, the 23rd, when Mr. Sothern takes his benefit, which we hope will be generously encouraged. The manager's pantomime will be, as usual, of the most elegant description, as is, perhaps, indicated by its very title, "Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue; or, Harlequin and Old Daddy Longlegs." The Princess' has been again indebted to Mr. H. J. Byron for a humorous pantimime, in which he has illustrated the popular story of "Whittington and his Cat" with lavish and prodigal extravagance. The secondary title indicates some of the fun that may be expected—for instance, "King Kollywoble, and the Evening of Good Humour," promises sport of no ordinary kind. Incidental dances of great merit will be introduced. The Lyceum will continue its performances of "Peep o' Day," with Mr. Leicester Buckingham's new version of the popular nursery tale of "Little Red Riding Hood, and the Fairies of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock," the scenery of which will be supplied by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and will be of the most beautiful description. The Olympic has provided for the present week a new piece, entitled "Sporting Intelligence Extraordinary—A Great Match is arranged to come off this Evening between the Unknown and the Seneca Indian, Deerfoot." Mr. Robson has exhibited in it his wonderful talent for mimicry. The Strand adds to its repertoire a new burlesque by Mr. Byron on the subject of "Puss in Boots." We have already stated that Sadler's Wells has a pantomime by Mr. E. L. Blanchard on "Cherry and Fair Star." For completeness' sake we have also to state that the Surrey will illustrate the ancient argument of "Harlequin Hey Diddle Diddle," but with some novel effects rendered possible by its ingenious combination with the incidents of a German fairy tale, under the sub-heading of "Oranges and Lemons, and the Twelve Dancing Princesses." For the like reason we add that at Astley's the title of the pantomime will be "Johnny Gilpin's Ride; or, Harlequin Black Witch of Edmonton." It will present an equestrian spectacle of singular interest. At the City of London, Mr. Nelson Lee will expend his genius and his treasures, lately arrived, as he announces, on "Alonzo the Brave; or, Harlequin and the Fair Imogene;" while at the Victoria "Harlequin Christoval; or, the Demon Ogre and the Good Fairy Silver Star of the Coral Grotto," is relied on as the fitting attraction. At the Standard the subject selected is "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." At the Pavilion the title of the pantomime is characteristically chosen—"Okee Pokee Wankey Funi," in which a gorilla King will be introduced. At the Grecian the pantomime will be produced on Christmas Eve.

In addition to these, we shall doubtless have to announce a variety of holiday entertainments for the Christmas weeks. And thus the festive season commences, with its accompaniments, accumulated from ancient time, of waits, carols, evergreens, and outdoor and indoor festivities. We fear that the recent melancholy event will throw more than a shade of gloom over all these. It is the duty of all, however, to do honour to the sacred season. The recreation secured at this annual festival extends itself, as an association of the heart and mind, all through the year. Our mirth at this time is consecrated; and, though the auspices which this year usher it in are not the most cheerful, we may yet find consolation in the reflection that what begins with mourning frequently ends in joy. Wherefore let us look forward to the Christmas after as the conclusion of the present, and anticipate it as a happy period of recompense for the sorrows with which we are now burdened.

The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—According to our latest accounts the eruption of Mount Vesuvius was diminishing in force. Shocks of earthquake had been felt in the vicinity of Naples. The population of Torre del Greco, on the south-west base of the mountain, fled before the approach of the lava stream, which was twenty-eight palms in depth, and three-quarters of a mile broad. Nearly all the houses of the town of Torre del Greco are said to be more or less injured. This town, which has a considerable population, is for the most part built of lava, and stands on the site of a former town nearly all of which was buried under the eruption of the mountain that took place in June, 1794.

UNITED PRAYER FOR THE AVERTING OF WAR WITH AMERICA.

On Thursday week there was held in the large room, Exeter Hall, a meeting convened by the committee of the Evangelical Alliance for special prayer, with reference to the present crisis of our relations with the Federal States of America. By half-past two o'clock scarcely less than four thousand people had assembled and filled the hall, with its galleries and platform. Contrary to the usual character of day meetings for religious purposes in London, the audience was largely composed of men, and appeared to consist almost exclusively of middle and upper class people. The two side galleries were filled with ladies, amongst whom we noticed Lady Havelock; and on the platform were observed Lord Radstock, Sir Culling Eardley, Bart.; Major-General Alexander, Dr. Conquest, Major Straith, Captain Ranyard, D. J. Macgowan, M.D., of New York; Dr Forbes Winslow, Captain Fishbourne, Wilbraham Taylor, Esq.; E. B. Underhill, Esq.; John Finch, Esq.; the Revs. Dr. Davison, Dr. Edmond, Dr. Hoby, Dr. Hewlett, Hon. B. W. Noel, H. H. Beamish, W. Chalmers, Thomas Alexander, Edward White, F. Trestrail, F. Wills, R. Aubrey Price, P. La Trobe, J. H. Hinton, J. W. Laughlin, &c.

Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., took the chair, and the proceedings were commenced with singing, Dr. Davis, of the Religious Tract Society, giving out the hymn beginning—

Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
Shed thy sweet influence from above.

The Chairman then said:—Fellow-Christians and Fellow-Countrymen, on this occasion the less we address ourselves to one another, and the more exclusively we address our requests to God, the better. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the reading of a statement which I am requested to read to you by the committee which has convened this meeting. It is as follows:—"The Evangelical Alliance, in inviting their fellow-Christians to meet on this occasion for solemn, united prayer, is anxious not to be misunderstood. It expresses no political opinion. It does not assert that war may not under some circumstances be unavoidable. It is only asserting that war is a scourge to the nations afflicted with it, and that, even when justly entered upon, it is a great evil. The sad event of an American war, should one unhappily arise, would be most disastrous in its effects, barbarising men, arresting the progress of the gospel, and causing the enemies of the truth to exult. Without presuming to say how the present evil can be averted, the committee who have convened this meeting would ask the Christians present to join in humbling themselves in prayer and supplication before Him who has the hearts of all men under His control; and they will rejoice if this assembling together of Christians to pray may lead to more earnest prayer being offered elsewhere; that the Most High, seeing the Christians of a nation prostrated at His feet, may hear their unanimous supplications and glorify Himself by vouchsafing an answer of mercy.—For the committee, W. Cardall, Secretary. 7, Adam-street, Strand, Dec. 12."

The Rev. A. G. Arnold, Rector of Stapleford, read the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

The Rev. Ridley Haslekell, Congregational Minister, of Paddington, offered prayer.

Another hymn was sung, and the Rev. Marshall Vine Hall, of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, prayed.

A third hymn contained the following verse:—

No more let nations learned in war
In hostile rage appear,
But into ploughshares beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

The Rev. A. G. Arnold then read the 4th chapter of the Epistle of James, "From whence come wars and fightings?"

The Rev. Baptist Noel, who was next called upon, offered a long and most earnest prayer, for the peoples and Governments of both England and America, and for the Queen and the President, and their families. He especially prayed that the thoughts and determinations of those to whom the despatch from this country had been sent might be wisely and justly influenced; that they might be led to understand correctly the true interpretation of existing international law; and that the event might be overruled to the rendering of international law wiser and better than it is. But, whatever else happened, Mr. Noel pleaded that England might be kept from sinning, from being proud and insolent, from rushing into an almost causeless war that would demand the sacrifice of thousands of lives and millions of treasure. God preserve both nations—the two greatest Protestant nations on the face of the earth—from a conflict that would hinder the progress of civilisation, and of true religion, to an incalculable degree, and be the scandal of the whole world!

The next hymn that was sung began:—

Ye saints unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope.

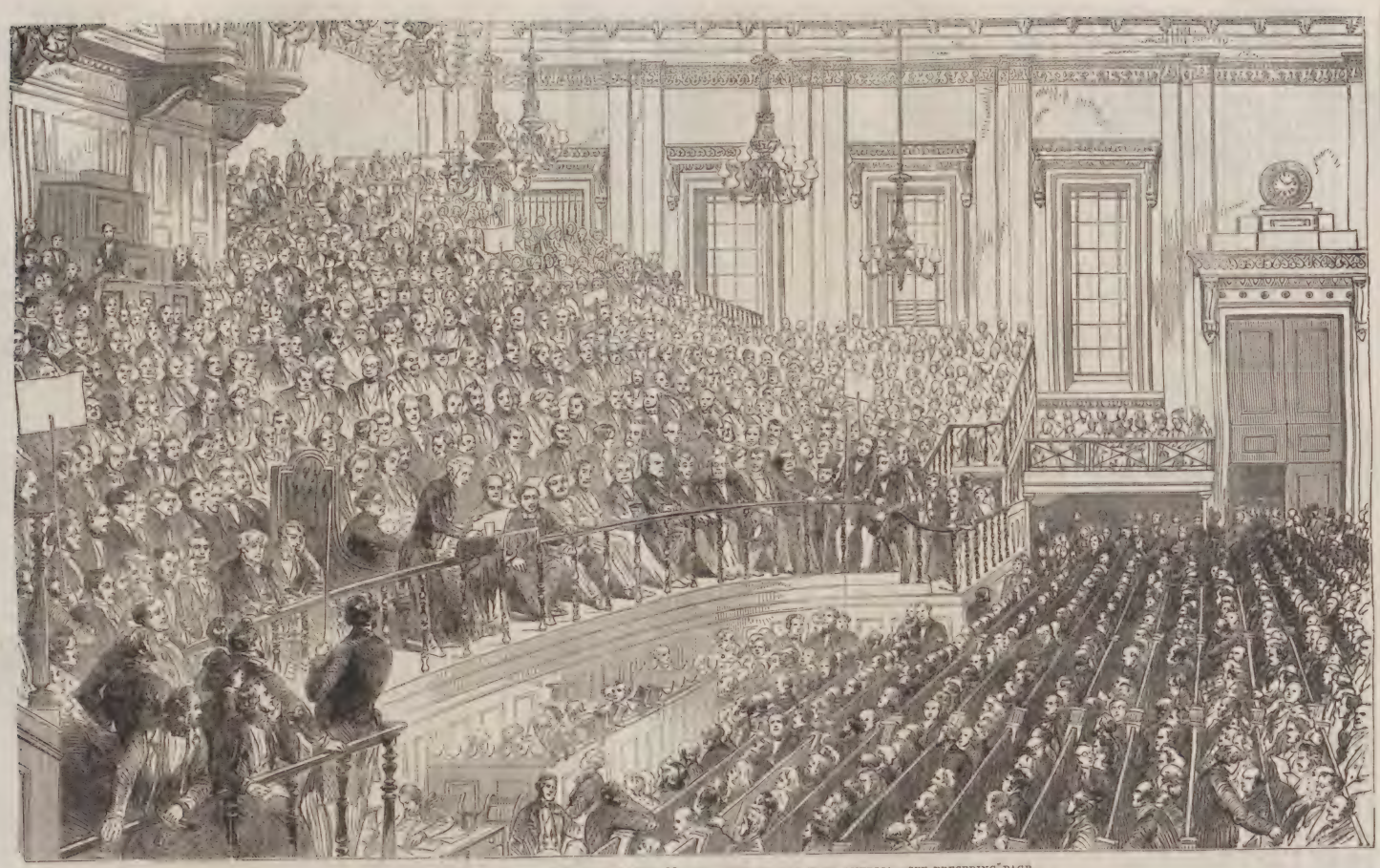
The Rev. T. Alexander, Presbyterian minister, of Chelsea, prayed.

Another hymn having been sung—

Give peace, and grant that fear and dread
May ily, and truth lift up her head,

The Rev. S. Minton, late of Percy Chapel, offered the concluding prayer, beseeching that Heaven would overrule the civil war in the States and the present misunderstanding, for "the blessing of man, the liberty of the captive, and the glory of God."

The proceedings then concluded. At four o'clock a collection was made at the doors to defray the expenses of the meeting.



PRAYER MEETING AT EXETER HALL, DECEMBER 12, FOR AVERTING WAR WITH AMERICA.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

THE AMERICAN WAR.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS SCOUTING.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A CHRISTMAS PICNIC AT THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGINGS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

CHRISTMAS AT THE DIGGINGS.

(See Illustration.)

MOLLY DIBBS TO MISS JANE SCRUBBER.

My dear Jane,—How you will stare when you get this letter and what's inside it. You must take care of the thin bits of paper, and take it down to Hostin Frires to the Bank, where they'll make it all right; and mind and don't lose 'em; and take a cab all to yourself as you go back for fear of pickpockets. Oh, Jenny! little did I think this time three years, when you lent me fourpence to make up the money after I pawned me shawl, and we started off to see the company go to Lady Biatherum's ball, that in less than three years I should come to be one of the quality myself. I always thought Jack was made for a gentleman, though he laughed at the notion, and that was the reason that I would him with nothing but what he could carry at the end of his axe in a bundle, and wouldn't have old Toppington, with his flash gin palace and five children; though, to be sure, aunt did go on awful, and never forgave me till the day when we all quarrilled, and cried, and hugged one and another, and made it up at Gravesend, just before we sailed away for Australia.

Yes, my dear Jenny, Jack has gone and done the trick beautiful. He made enough money at his trade at Melbourne to buy a lot of land, where I am agoing to have a regular house, with a parlour and a drawing-room all quite genteel: and then him and me cut away to the diggings with Bill Stokum and his wife—her as was Betty Grafty; and Bob, the coalheaver; and a man and his wife by the name of Bagnall, that are natives—that is, not blacks, but born and reared here—leastaways he was, she was from Marylbone. And we had a horse and cart, and was a fortnight on the road, and lived out of doors same as when we once went gipsying to Epping Forest, and slept under the cart at night. And we had lots of luck, our holes turned out first-rate. Jack's share comes to nigh upon twelve hundred pounds. So when I go back to Melbourne I mean to set the fashions, which of course I can do, having been six months under-kitchenmaid in Belgrave-square.

Oh, Jenny! you've no notion how delightful things is here—everything topsy-turvy. We are the masters and missuses, and the swells have to wait upon us. If any of them, although it should be the Gold Commissioner himself, want my Jack to do a job of carpentering, they must ask me; and if I don't like their cut, or I want Jack to take me a walk, why then he says, "No, thank you, my good man," quite polite-like; "I can't find time to accommodate you."

Everything is contrariwise here to what it is with you in Whitechapel. When we are going to bed you are rousing up; when we are perspiring most dreadful, you are slapping your arms to drive away the blue frost.

We are now looking out for Christmas—we can tell it's coming on, Bagnall says, by its being so blessed hot. Oh, I shall think of you and me in Old England, flattening our noses against the cookshops, longing for a slice of smoking plumduff; when our Christmas pudding comes on the table, big enough to feed all your court, and not a few dabs of plums spread about almost out of hollaing distance, but as thick as you can stick. Why, Jenny, we have none of your half-ounces of tea and half-quarterns of bread: our party takes a chest at a time, with a couple or three bags of sugar, five hundredweight, and half a ton of flour. When we make tea we stir it up by the handful. Then, when we do make a feast, what *do you* think we have. You'll never guess. Why, real champagny fizzing stuff like ginger pop; only it gets into your head, and costs £2 a bottle. Not that we do much in that way, for Jack was always rather temperance; but there are plenty here of single fellows, with lots of luck, always ready to stand treat if I will just look to their shirts and buttons a bit, and likewise speak a word favourable to some of the single lasses.

But my dear Jane, when you read this, you will say, is there no unpleasantness in this Australia? Does everybody pick up golden nuggets and wash out lots of scales and dust? Not by no means, my dear. First, the fleas is dreadful; likewise the dust and little black flies what get into your eyes and nose, so that green veils are as common as on a Epsom day in Kennington. Then when it rains, it rains as if the water-tap had burst right over your head, and blows so that my Jack says you must hold the hair on your head. Then as for the gold, bless your soul, it's not to be scratted up with your fingers. No; you must make pits as deep as wells, and go at it as if you was laying gaspipes; and you may have no luck, and get nothing, or next to it. But then there it is that we beat the swells. Five shillings a dozen for washing shirts, £1 to 30s. a day for carpentering at houses and such like; why, what is it to me, as was used to stand at the washtub all day for 1s. 6d. and my victuals, and perhaps a drop of beer; or for Jack, as used to walk a good three miles to work, from six to six.

And now, dear Jenny, my paper is full, and I must end. Make yourself comfortable, and set out as soon as Captain Higgins tells you the Barbary Bell is ready; and drink our healths on Christmas Day, when we drink yours. Jack sends love, and says he has got a husband for you. So no more from your loving cousin,

MOLLY DIBBS.

P.S.—I open this letter to tell you how we manage Christmas at the Diggings. No fires, except to boil the pots; and no snowballing. But no work, and no shivering and shaking. Everybody has plenty; for those that have not been lucky are welcome to take a tuck out of what they please. For our party, we had a quarter of a bullock and two wild turkeys; a lot of Van Diemen potatoes, at 2s. a pound. We don't dine indoors, but just sit down on the grass—and there's very little of that near the Diggings—handy to a creek for water. The bachelors stand a dozen of champagne and a dozen of colonial: so we lay about and eat and drink, and give what's left to the dogs and the blacks. It's precious hot; but that don't prevent the fiddles from going like mad all round, and no end of dancing. Instead of the cradle swee-swashing down the valley, we hear the German brass band. They know all our tunes; but when they flare out with "A Good Time Coming," I feel rather choked at the threat like, to think that its come in earnest to us poor folks. I'm almost sure I saw a tear in the eyes of the Captain when he caught the tune at the same moment Bill Stokum was roaring out "more champagny, and look alive, my boy." So, good-by, once more. God bless you, my girl! and send you here soon to join our next Christmas picnic as well my swarry.

THE AMERICAN WAR—INDIANS SCOUTING

It appears to be but too true that the Confederates have enlisted a considerable number of Indians in their service, and that another element of evil will be added to the many dark features of this terrible war. As illustrative of some of the Indian habits in a time of war we have engraved a picture painted by an American artist of the name of Stanley which shows the Pawnees looking out for enemies. The party is a small one, and includes, it will be noticed, a woman and two children. They have halted, seeing smoke in the distance, and the chief has mounted a horse the better to judge of the case before deciding upon action.

GOOSE CLUBS

are held at hundreds of the public-houses in London. The members pay a shilling a week for eight or ten weeks before Christmas, and, in addition to a goose, are generally entitled to a bottle of gin for their ten shillings. Those who pay but sixpence weekly have a piece of beef; tea and sugar for the women are also amongst these Christmas prizes. These clubs are got up to "benefit the house," as it is called, and there is but little doubt that, with the money spent over the meetings and over the speeches (see our Engraving in the Supplement of such a meeting in the "Crown"), every goose costs at least a pound in the end. Right proud is the landlord to show his prize geese to his customers, and great delight does he take in telling them about the number of miles he travelled by rail, of the bargain he made weeks before, to be supplied with geese of the first quality at so much per head, and how, "not to be done," he examined them all; and that, when the time came for fetching them away, the goose-feeder said that he shouldn't mind "giving him a five-pun' note for his bargain." He tells you that they were stubble-fed in autumn; that up to Christmas they had—he can hardly tell you what—but you almost believe while you listen, that, when roasted, they will, without any addition of any kind whatsoever, have the flavour of apple-sauce, sage and onions, and fine mealy potatoes. But he always advises those who carry off a fine goose to take with them a bottle of spirits, for "goose is rich," he says, "and spirits are always handy in a house, especially at Christmas time, for goose will sometimes disagree with the strongest of persons." In a word, he is as kind as a father to his customers. A perfect babel of sounds is a public-house on Christmas Eve, when the prizes are drawn, and many a pint of gin is won and lost about the weight of the different geese before the members separate for the night.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS: BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

(See Illustration in the Supplement, page 181.)

CLEAR the decks! and leave us ample space enough for this thorough and English game. Turn up the largest table, with the leaf towards the fire, and remember that it is not fair to hide behind it: let us be wise in the midst of our harmless folly, and avoid danger. But what has Kenny Meadows introduced here?—the old grandfathers and grandmothers amongst the children! "The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth; and there can be no harm in the bald-headed old sire stepping back again into the spirit of childhood. What a touch of nature is that, where the dear old lady, having all but lost her cap, is trying to save her peruke or false front! Nor for worlds would she be seen with her top—

Bare through hoar antiquity.

Rely upon it, her bald pate is a secret to all, saving the hearty old fellow (no doubt, her husband) who enters into the joke, and seems to exclaim, "Pull away, and then you will see the nakedness of the land!" for Time has left him a few "sad grey hairs" behind, and he wears them with pride and honour. What a merry, mischievous leer there is in his dim old eye; and what sly pokes he will crack all the remainder of the year about the narrow escape she had at Christmas! And some of the hearty old blades will, perhaps, write to her, and beg a lock of her hair; and, though angry for the moment, she will at last join in the laugh against herself, and talk about her poor bald pate. Long may your graceful ringlets throw their shadows on your damask cheeks, my dear young ladies; and you live to laugh, as you do now, at the bewilderment of the dear old woman. How eagerly the sweet children enter into the sport, except the least of all, that lies squalling and neglected on the floor, and cannot make its tiny voice heard above the uproarious laughter. What an expression of delight there is on the boy's sweet countenance, who is looking up to the portly gentleman that is the cause of so much merriment! Sadly is he disfiguring the "thick rotundity" of the stout old lady with her back to us, to the great amusement of the old man who stands with one leg drawn up, and with whose countenance we seem to have been familiar from childhood. But oh! the shouts of delight when three or four children, who have huddled together in one corner, are caught by Blindman Beff: their struggle to escape as they tumble head-over-heels, one over the other—this with a torn frock, that with a shoe off, the other with its little round fat arm clean out of its dress. That is sport indeed; and their dear, merry voices seem to ring like music through our hearts weeks and months after the festival of Christmas.

ENJOYING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

(See Illustration in the Supplement, page 181.)

WE miss the father in this eager, hungry-looking picture; and if he has gone out to dine anywhere on such a day as this he ought to be ashamed of himself. Perhaps Meadows intended conveying some such rebuke as this, for it seems difficult to keep the children in order, nor does the lady look at all pleased at having to serve so many. The little thing holding the plate beside the mother ought, in our opinion, to have been served first, as it is, to all appearance, the youngest. That beautiful girl seated at the end of the table will wait patiently until the last, and then her eye will often wander to her little sisters to see that they are not eating too fast or burning themselves. Master Freddy, in the plaid frock, should wait awhile, if we had him to deal with, for pushing himself and plate so forward. Master Jack has stuck a piece much too large for a single mouthful on his fork, and is also holding up his leg in a very unbecoming manner. As for Bill, he seems to be eating with two spoons at once. That boy will make himself ill, depend upon it, for, after having been served twice, he is sure to ask for more.

A FAMILY PARTY.—CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

(See Illustration in the Supplement, page 181.)

ALTHOUGH much of the custom of profuse hospitality has passed away, Christmas is yet universally recognised as a season when every good Christian shows his gratitude to the Almighty by a display of goodwill to his fellow-men. This is the season for the exercise of hospitality, and that threefold: "for one's family: this is of necessitie; for strangers: this is of courtesie; for the poore: this is charity." Or, as old Tusser sings,

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small.

Well, our party have left the substantial luxuries of the dinner-table, and are now enjoying the more refined delights that spring from the interchange of affection among those who have been reared in the same fond home. The room is cosy—nay, luxurious—in its appointments, and there is an atmosphere of hospitality and enjoyment throughout the place. The family pictures are decorated by the holly-tree, as if "to commemorate the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ."

View the deepening circle—the grandfather in his easy Ashburnham-chair, his heart brimming o'er with gladness. Opposite are seated the matrons of the party, whose delight in "talking over old times" is one of those touches of nature that the painter loves—his conversation scenes. To be brief, in this beaming circle we see almost every phase of existence, from the cradle to the grave—old age watching the gambols of early childhood; then mid age, manhood, and youth—all combining the completion of a true Christmas circle.

Sporting News.

GREAT RACE BETWEEN DEERFOOT AND MILLS.—From 12,000 to 15,000 spectators assembled at the Hackney-wick Grounds on Monday to witness the eight-mile contest between Deerfoot and Mills for £200. It took 53 rounds and 200 yards to make up the eight miles, and for the first six rounds the Indian was in front, the first mile, over very heavy ground, being accomplished in 6min. 57sec., Mills having a slight lead, which was directly after wrested from him. In the 33rd round, when coming into the straight run in, breast to breast, the Indian made one of his well-known spurts; but this time he had met his match, and not a foot would the gallant Englishman let his stalwart opponent leave him. The paleface hung desperately on the Indian, spurted with him, kept with him; nor could all the efforts of Deerfoot, cheered as he was by his mentor, enable him to leave the brave little fellow more than a yard in the rear. Thirty-eight rounds had thus been passed over, when a most mortifying contretemps occurred. One of the slight running shoes of Mills split in half, and he most gamely went along without it. Notwithstanding this drawback he rushed in front, and, with one shoe, led round after round, the Indian trying in vain to pass him. From the 40th to the 53rd round Mills was still in front, and a deafening shout announced that the 54th and last round had been entered upon. On going up the back stretch each were side by side, and for about fifty yards a gathering up of the powers of both men was perceptible to all. On they dashed shoulder to shoulder, and were lost to view for a moment at the back of the mound. They were side by side as

they came into the straight run in, when, within a few yards of home, both redskin and paleface bounded in together, and the race was over. The referee, who, no doubt, did his duty fairly and honestly, and as near as he could, considering the crush, pronounced it a dead heat.

Law and Police.

The Commission of Lunacy upon Mr. Windham was opened on Monday before Mr. Samuel Warren and a jury of twenty-one persons. Mr. Montagu Chambers appeared on behalf of the petitioners, and stated the case at considerable length. One or two witnesses were examined with reference to the conduct of the alleged lunatic, and the Court adjourned. As the witnesses are numerous, the inquiry promises to be a protracted one.

Mary Newell, the domestic servant who, while living at Bessborough-gardens, ran away with some of her master's property, and was found at Great Yarmouth disguised as a young gentleman, was tried at the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday for the felony. The defence set up was that the girl had an absurd craving for the romantic, and committed the offence while labouring under a delusion. The jury, however, found her guilty, and Mr. Bodkin sentenced her to eighteen months' hard labour.

Manslaughter at Sea.—At the Liverpool Assizes, last Saturday, Captain Wilson was brought up to receive sentence for the manslaughter of William Henderson, on board the ship Express, of which crime he had been pronounced guilty on the previous day. He was condemned to twenty years' penal servitude. He stood further charged with the manslaughter of Charles Jones, on board the Severn, but Mr. Baron Channell did not consider it necessary to the ends of justice that this second indictment should be proceeded with.

Richard Reeve, who, it will be remembered, strangled his sister in the coal-cellar of a house near the Strand, has had his sentence of death commuted to penal servitude for life, the Home Secretary having felt warranted in advising her Majesty to take this step, in consideration of the prisoner's youth.

The Preston Murder.—The soldier, Patrick M'Caffery, of the 32nd Regiment, who shot Colonel Crofton and Captain Hanham at Preston, was tried at the Liverpool Assizes on Thursday week. The evidence was too direct to allow a doubt of what the verdict would be, and sentence of death was passed upon the unhappy man.

The Murder of a Sergeant at Aldershott.—The trial of Thomas Jackson, of the 78th Highlanders, for the murder of Sergeant Dickson at Aldershott took place yesterday week at Winchester. Jackson was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. In the Penny Illustrated Paper, Nov. 16, we gave a Sketch of Jackson in the act of shooting Sergeant Dickson.

Accidents, Inquests, Etc.

Shipwreck and Loss of Twenty-two Lives.—The schooner Frederike Christine, of Hamburg, from Rostock for Leith, with wheat, was abandoned during a gale on the 16th ult. Twenty-two of the crew had been washed overboard previously. The remainder of the crew were rescued, and taken into Frederikshald.

A Fatal Wager.—An inquest was held last week at Chevington, Suffolk, on the body of George Newman, a labourer, who died from having, after previously imbibing freely, drunk for a wager of a shilling half a gallon of beer in two minutes. Verdict, "That the deceased died while in a state of drunkenness and stupor."

Attempted Murder by a Soldier at Malta.—The mania which seems to have seized on soldiers of shooting at their officers has extended itself to Malta, as a soldier of the 4th Infantry fired his carbine at his Adjutant, Captain Keats, but fortunately missed him. The ruffian was in the act of reloading to make a second attempt when he was arrested and secured.

Murder of a Mate on Board an American Ship.—On the arrival of the American ship Southampton at Liverpool on Tuesday week intimation was conveyed to the detective police-station that the first mate, Alexander Small, had been murdered by a seaman named Thomas Duffy fifteen days after the vessel left New York for that port. The vessel sailed from New York on the 16th of November, and on the 1st of the present month Small directed Duffy to go aloft to do something to the rigging. After being in the rigging for some time the officer ordered him down. When he came on deck some angry words were bandied, and Duffy drew his knife and stabbed Small to the heart. Small fell prostrate on the deck and died instantly. When taken into custody at Liverpool Duffy said that he did strike the mate with a knife, but his intention was not to kill him. The prisoner is in the hands of the police, awaiting his transfer to the officials of the American Government.

Sacrilege at St. George's Church, Camberwell.—On Sunday morning a daring robbery was committed at this church. Some persons, having stealthily entered the lobby during the performance of Divine service, forced off and carried away one of the alms-boxes fixed at the entrance to the gallery, which was supposed to contain a considerable amount of money.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHPLACE AND OCCASIONAL RESIDENCES IN EARLY LIFE.

Gotha, the chief town of the duchy, and, alternately with Coburg, the residence of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has a population of 13,000 souls. It is situated beside the River Leine, on one side of a hill. Few towns in Germany of the size and rank of Gotha possess more public buildings, or more valuable collections, calculated to promote literature, science, and the fine arts; it is, certainly, one of the most classical towns in Germany. Duke Frederic VII. of Saxe-Gotha left it a splendid museum; and the public library is the gift of the same Prince: it has, also, one of the finest Numismatic Cabinets in Europe; a fine collection of shells, observatory, gymnasium, &c. The *Almanch de Gotha* is, probably, the oldest publication of the kind in Europe. The palace called Friedenstein is an extensive pile of building, surrounded by terraces, commanding fine views: it contains a picture-gallery, an excellent cabinet of engravings, &c. The gardens belonging to the Palace, and the Boulevards round the town, are very agreeable promenades.

The locality of Gotha has many points of interest On the right of the road to Erfurt may be discovered the three castles called the *Dreiglichen.* They are of great antiquity, and belonged to different owners; but were all struck with lightning in 1250. Mühlberg is a total ruin, except its donjon tower. Gleichen is in a better state of preservation, the roof remaining in part; the Wachsburg is still entire, and inhabited. They are situated in the most beautiful part of the Thuringia. About halfway between Gotha and Erfurt is the boundary of Prussia. At a little distance from the walls of Erfurt is the strong citadel of Eyriaksberg, on the right.

Dr. Bissett Hawkins observes:—"It may with truth be said that Gotha offers greater opportunities to the lovers of science and the fine arts than many of the larger and important capitals in Europe; and it adds much to the credit of those who are at the head of the numerous establishments in this delightful retreat of the Muses that they are open to the public at large, with a liberality worthy of imitation. The astronomical observations by which Baron de Zach has rendered his name so conspicuous among the scientific men of Europe were made at the Observatory of Gotha, situated on a hill called Seebergen, at a short distance out of the town, and a little to the right of the road that leads to Erfurt. It forms a very prominent object in the surrounding landscape, being at an elevation of 1180 feet above the level of the sea. Since the departure of the Baron the observations have been continued by his successor, Professor Lindenau, a name well known to astronomers. Literature has always flourished at Gotha: some of the most celebrated German writers in our days are either natives or residents in this town."

Coburg, the subject of our second Illustration, is the other residence-town of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and contains about 9500 inhabitants: it is built in the middle of a beautiful valley, on the banks of the Itz, and affords many attractions to visitors. As Gotha is devoted to learning and literature, so Coburg seems to be made the scene of pleasure: it has a theatre, several concert-rooms, and a number of casinos. The Palace, called Ehrenburg, built in 1549, contains some handsome apartments, and some fine specimens of marqueterie in the doors; indeed, Coburg is to this day celebrated for that manufacture. The theatre belongs to the Duke, and is extremely well conducted. In the Arsenal there are some fine armour, and arms of all ages; and some trophies won by the Prince of Coburg, Austrian Field Marshal. The ancient castle of the Dukes of Coburg is situated on a commanding eminence overhanging the town. Some of the chambers are in their original condition: the rooms occupied by Luther, the bedstead he slept upon during his concealment here, and the pulpit in which he preached in the curious old chapel, are shown. The castle was besieged by Wallenstein in the Thirty Years' War; and he made the town of Coburg his head-quarters for some time.

Rosenau itself is the beau-ideal of a summer residence. It lies some four miles out of the town, amid meadows and hanging woods, and rich parterres of flowers. The building itself is curiously simple. On the summit of a little mount, fragrant with roses, and wreathed with plantations of tangled shrubbery, stands a plain house—its gables marked by those peculiar steps from the eaves of the roof to the summit, common in old mansions. A small round tower flanking the main body on one hand alone breaks its uniformity. The view around is beautiful—the scenery is rich and parklike—vistas of wooded dells and fair meadows, and the distant ridges of dim forest, stretch away far into the far-off country. Close to the house fountains play, and the ground is dazzling with the hues of many flowers. The whole is a little paradise. And what will astonish English notions is the unexclusive character of all this. Not a wall, not a sentinel, not a gate.

Kalenberg (see Engraving), the favourite palace of the reigning Duke, distant about four miles from Coburg, commands some of the finest prospects. Like almost all the palaces or "residences" around, it is perched on an eminence, which is reached by a winding road through a plantation, quite as beautiful as that which leads to Rosenau. The interior of the palace is fitted up in the most elegant and, at the same time, "comfortable" style. Indeed, it deserves to be so characterised more than Royal residences generally. There is no ostentation or display such as is met with in "show places," but everything is of the most perfect workmanship and in the most exquisite taste.

This summer palace is not built on a grand scale, but, like Rosenau, it has more the air of the residence of a private gentleman. The architecture is an odd mixture of the turreted style with the cottage ornée, and the effect is very pretty, although the materials are incongruous. Here the Duke and Duchess spent the greater part of their time during the fine weather, and a more delightful retreat could not well have been selected. Like everything else in and around Saxe-Coburg, it belies the vulgar notions entertained in England as to the German style of living and manners. The Duke is fond of sporting, and keeps a small pack of hounds. The residence is full of evidence of his inclination this way. One room, for instance, is almost entirely filled with emblems of the chase, worked into all imaginable ornaments. The easy-chairs are made of antlers. Another room (the Duke's private study) is filled with engravings of every sort of sporting, French and English. The country, however, from being so much wooded, is not well adapted for field sports generally; but a large preserve of wild boars is maintained at a short distance from Kalenberg. Attached to the Palace is a neat private chapel, in which the English spectator is surprised to see the crucifix on the altar, as in Catholic churches. But this is a very general custom in the Lutheran churches of Germany.

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CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

GATHERING AS IT GOES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Uprising from the street,
Where fall the passers' feet,
With soft and muffled tread,
Like watchers by the dead,
In the yielding snows,
Comes a childish cheer
Sharply on the ear;
As with gleeful shout and song
The snowball rolls along,
Gathering as it goes.

"WANT your door scraped, cook?" cried a small voice down the area of a handsome house at the West End one cold wintry morning. I may as well be precise, and inform my readers, who will doubtless take a deep interest in all that concerns the hero I have in reserve for them—that it was Christmas morning, a right old-fashioned Christmas morning—when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and innumerable feathery flakes fell softly on the brilliant white carpet with which the streets were spread, as if in honour of the festive season.

An extraordinary stillness had descended upon the usually noisy thoroughfare; cabs and omnibuses no longer rattled over the pavement, for their wheels appeared to run on velvet, and the horses, like those of Lear's troop, seemed to be shod with felt; even the stern policeman, whose "slow and solemn tread" had an awful echo on the flags, moved like a dark phantom over the pale earth, without a sound to denote the march of his official boots. There were, however, in the absence of the din so familiar to a Londoner's ear, sounds and street-noises that in the sharp frosty air struck the ear with more than ordinary distinctness. Here a group of gossiping servant girls and strong young fellows with water pails and cans were assembled round a water-plug which had been set running for public accommodation by the parish turncock; there a group of urchins were lying in ambush round a corner or down a mews snowballing the passers-

THE GOOSE CLUB.—PRELIMINARY MEETING AT "THE CROWN."—SEE PAGE 174

GATHERING AS IT GOES; OR, THE MONSTER SNOWBALL.

by, and making the air ring with their provoking laughter whenever a well-aimed missile took effect on the glossy hat or well-brushed coat of a staid elderly gentleman, whose withering look of surprise and indignation only increased the boisterous merriment of the young delinquents. At another spot a juvenile party had, by their united exertions, formed a snowball which, by its extraordinary magnitude, excited the wonder of a numerous assemblage of young spectators. The butcher's apprentice stood with gaping mouth lost in admiration of its size, and wholly regardless of that sweetbread in the tray on his shoulder which Sir Twamley Tiffin had specially ordered for his breakfast; the doctor's boy, too, who had been dispatched *ventre à terre* to distribute to his master's patients their morning draughts and evening pills, paused—mercifully paused—on his way to examine and measure in his mind's eye that monstrous globe which he mentally compared to a gigantic bolus. There was, however, one amongst the crowd who gazed at the snowball with the eye of a philosopher—a man of the world—I say a *man*; for, though Joe Gimber had not yet seen his twelfth birthday, he was a perfect specimen of the precocious London street boy whose intellect had been matured by hunger and sharpened by necessity. He had obtained from "the cook" to whom his application had been made through the area railings an order to scrape and clear away the snow from the doorsteps, and, having completed the job to his own satisfaction, was now, while waiting for the modest remuneration of his labour, watching, with a combination of childish interest and cool calculation, the progress of accumulation in the snowball as the boys rolled it to and fro on the snow.

"It grows bigger and bigger every turn," said the little fellow to himself, as he leant contemplatively on his broom. "That's the way to git to be a great man!"

The attitude and something in the features of the young speculator attracted the notice of Mr. Maudsley, the owner of the house, who was standing at his parlour window at the moment; and by his order a servant intimated to the ragged sweeper that he was to come in to her master, who wished to speak to him. Somewhat surprised, but nothing daunted, Joe followed the servant into the hall, and, having carefully deposited his shovel and broom on the doormat, marched directly into the parlour, where he was told he would find Mr. Maudsley.

It would not be easy to imagine a more striking contrast than that which the poor unwashed, untended, half-naked, and nearly half-starved child offered to every object in the picture to which he was thus suddenly introduced. A tattered old fustian jacket, tied, for lack of buttons, round his waist with a piece of packthread, partially concealed an inner garment of dingy hue and dubious material; loose corduroy trousers, made originally for a full-grown person, but tucked up round the legs, to accommodate the diminutive stature of the actual wearer; a pair of thick-soled, worn-out blachers, and a shapeless roll of something like black cloth, which served ordinarily for a cap, but was now twisted up hard between his hands, completed the costume of little Joe, as he stood, digging his hobnailed boots into the Turkey carpet, in the centre of the room, facing the pleasant-looking gentleman who had sought this interview. Notwithstanding the novelty of his situation, Joe retained his self-possession, and having, by a keen glance, examined the countenance of Mr. Maudsley, and being apparently satisfied by the result of his investigation, he made a rapid but curious review of the room and its contents, commencing with the ornamental French clock on the chimneypiece, and ending with the cold roast-beef and the game-pie that adorned the sideboard, over which hung the portrait of the fortunate proprietor of all these good things, smiling and looking down upon them with an expression of expansive good-nature, such as at that moment diffused itself over the features of its original while surveying the odd specimen of humanity before him.

"What is your name, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Maudsley, opening the proceedings in the strictly legal manner;—and this reminds me I have not yet informed my readers that he was a solicitor—an honest and, indeed, excellent man, with a heart large enough for at least a dozen ordinary attorneys.

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Joe Gimber, Sir."

"Who is your father?"

"Never had a father, Sir—leastways, I never heard I had one. I'm mother's child."

"Your mother, then, where is she?"

"Gone dead three years next Easter, Sir. She had me and two sisters younger than me to keep. She worked at stitching all day and all night often, but she couldn't get a living out of it, and so she died."

"What, then, became of your sisters?"

"They was taken into the workhouse, and they told me that they died too."

"Why did not you go into the workhouse with your sisters?"

"Well, Sir, I didn't much like it; I thought I'd rayther be independent," said the little fellow, with a resolute air.

"Independent!" repeated Mr. Maudsley, looking incredulously at the child. "What on earth could you do?"

"Oh! please, Sir, I could do lots o' things. First, I went into the *noos* line, and delivered papers for a noos-wendor to his customers; but he paid me muffin to speak of, and I was nearly starved afore I left him; then I took to a costermonger, and sold apples, oranges, and radishes, and wedgables of all sorts; but my master was a bad lot, and knocked me about shockin' when I couldn't sell his stale stuff, so I was forced to try winkles on my own hook."

"Winkles! what are winkles?" inquired his puzzled interrogator.

"Oh! Sir, don't you know winkles?—peniwinkles some people calls 'em."

"Oh! I understand—peniwinkles!"

"Peniwinkles and srimps, Sir, and sometimes 'am sandwidges at the doors of the theayters; only the bobbies hunt us as if we was thieves, which I never was. Now and again, when there's a good thick fog, I makes a tidy day's work by carrying a link afore old gentlemen who's afeaid of losing their ways or getting run over. Then there's money to be picked up by a street-crossing; but the wooden-legged coves, and them Ingin blacks in white bedgowns, have got hold of all the good ones, and they won't give them up without a tidy bit o' money."

"And you have not yet been able to purchase one?"

"No, Sir; but I work werry hard; and when there's a fall o' snow I have plenty o' work scraping afore the doors, and git wall paid for it, too."

"Since you have told me so much of yourself and your life, Joe, tell me what you were thinking of when I saw you just now watching, with such a serious face, the making of that large snowball in the street; for you were thinking of something more than the mere collection of a quantity of snow?"

Joe turned his keen eye a moment upon his questioner, and appeared to hesitate: he had freely related everything respecting his way of life—his misery and his struggles he did not seek to conceal; but when, for the first time, an attempt was made to penetrate his mind, to unlock the mystery of his thoughts, he felt embarrassed and surprised. His hesitation was, however, brief, and he replied, with something like a knowing twinkle of the eye—

"I was a thinkin' that a chap who wants to get on in the world ought to be like that snowball—always *gathering as he goes!*"

"True, quite true," said Mr. Maudsley, smiling; "but it is not to worldly wealth alone that maxim applies; the mind should be equally diligent in the acquisition of knowledge and of virtue, without which the possession of riches adds nothing to man's happiness. If he would be truly great he must be truly good. Patience, industry, and perseverance are his handmaids—truth, justice, and humanity, lie in his path—the wise man makes these his own, and gathers peace and happiness as he goes!"

There was something in the manner in which these few words were spoken which sunk into the child's heart. He uttered not a word, but Mr. Maudsley perceived that he felt what had been said, and he secretly determined to make an attempt to rescue the poor outcast from his degraded position.

The little fellow was by his direction immediately placed in the hands of the coachman's wife in the adjoining mews, who, by the application of soap and water, combs and brushes, and entire change of his costume for a suit of her eldest son's clothes, was shortly transformed into a respectable-looking boy. Being thus rendered presentable, he was introduced to the kitchen, where he quickly ingratiated himself with the members of the "lower house" by his obliging manners and a certain whimsical drollery, which even the "serious" footman, who had a "call," and regularly attended Mr. Walleye's chapel, could not resist. His stories of life amongst the wandering tribes of London were immensely relished, and his imitations of some of the street showmen and ballad-singers were declared by the cook and housemaid to be equal to a play.

The Christmas dinner at Mr. Maudsley's was a great affair; for a large party of the relations on both sides of the house had assembled to do honour to the festival.

Later in the evening there was a general demand for a dance amongst the young people, and one of Mr. Maudsley's sisters, who "didn't dance," undertook to supply the music, on the piano. Little Joe, who heard in the kitchen the beating of the merry feet overhead, expressed a strong desire to witness the dance, and by the contrivance of one of the servants was smuggled behind a large Indian screen that had been placed in front of a glass door at the upper end of the room communicating with the conservatory. Mounted on a flower-stand, and hidden from observation by the screen, Joe Gimber peeped through the evergreens with which it was decorated, and beheld a scene that completely bewildered him. As the light and graceful forms of the children flitted before him in the dance, their cheeks glowing with health and happiness and their eyes sparkling with enjoyment, he fancied himself transported to some fairy land: his heart beat violently, and his eyes dazzled with the light; he vainly tried to follow the waltzers in their mazy round; his head became giddy, and, forgetting for the moment where he was, he clapped his hands in uncontrollable delight; and leaning forward with too little caution to get a nearer view of a pretty little sylphide in a pale blue frock, who had more than any of the others attracted his admiration, the screen was thrown down, and Joe Gimber, falling with it, rolled suddenly into the midst of the dancers. A general scream greeted the unexpected appearance of this strange guest, who, hastily picking himself up, would have made a precipitate retreat had not Mr. Maudsley come forward and called to him to remain. The matter was shortly explained, and Joe, instead of being ignominiously expelled from the room, became an object of curiosity to the company, by whom his pockets were filled with sweetmeats and fruit, intermixed with a few bits of silver, the little sylphide who had been the cause of his mischance bestowing upon him an illustrated box of bonbons with a smile that made the offering doubly sweet. This was Gimber's first introduction to polite society. That night he slept in a little bed made up for him in the harness-room by the jolly coachman and his cosy wife. While undressing he had time to admire his improved appearance, to survey his comfortable lodging, to produce his store of sweetmeats and pick out the glittering coins from a heap of raisins and burnt almonds. Full of the most agreeable reflections, he fell asleep, to dream that he was transformed into a gigantic snowball, rolled by the pretty sylphide over heaps of sixpences and sugar-plums which stuck to him on every side. Joe had made the first *roll* in life.

A few days after the events just narrated Joe was taken into the establishment of Messrs. Maudsley and Wotherspoon, solicitors, of Bedford-row, where his duties consisted in sweeping out the offices and dusting the desks before the arrival of the clerks in the morning, and in carrying messages and parcels for a few hours during the day. Mr. Maudsley did not, however, stop here with his kindness; for he permitted Joe to attend an evening school, where, true to the maxim which he had made the rule of his life, he *gathered* learning with incredible rapidity. In the house where he lodged there also resided a Frenchman, who had come to prosecute a claim for a legacy which had been left him in this country. With this person Joe formed an intimacy; and, for some acts of civility rendered to him by the boy, he undertook to teach him the French tongue. This was what he ardently desired; and a few months' instruction made him so proficient in the language that he could not only write it with ease but converse fluently in it.

Three years had passed away, during which time Joe, by his assiduity and good temper, had become a prime favourite in the office; the elderly chief clerk and the heads of the establishment liked him for his punctuality and integrity, and the young men for the readiness with which he always executed their commissions—but more, perhaps, for the confidence they had that he was neither a "spy" nor "sneak," and that their harmless "larks" and venial breaches of discipline would never be brought to the ears of the "governors" through Joe Gimber's instrumentality. He was, therefore, pronounced by common consent "a brick," "a bean," and "a trump;" and when, at the end of three years, he was promoted to a seat at a desk in their office, he received the warm and sincere congratulations of his fellow-clerks. As Joe jerked himself for the first time on to the tall stool which he was thenceforth to occupy in the office he thought of the snowball, and felt that he was then a much greater person than the evening he *rolled* amongst the company in Mr. Maudsley's drawing-room.

It was some months after Joe's elevation that a case came into the office which required that a confidential agent should be sent to Paris; none of the second clerks, however, spoke French, and the business was on the point of being confided to a stranger, when it was recollected by the managing clerk that Joe Gimber had been seen reading a French book. He was immediately questioned, and, being found competent for the duty, he was sent to Paris, where he not only brought the affair to a satisfactory issue, but laid the foundation of a very lucrative business for the office, which was recognised by the partners giving him a considerable increase of salary and an advance in his position in the establishment. Thus, by his *roll* to Paris, Joe Gimber, true to his rule of life, gathered much and lost nothing.

He was now a person of some consequence, and, being placed at the head of one of the legal departments in the office, was invited as a guest to Mr. Maudsley's house. The little sylphide in blue had grown into a beautiful girl: and as Joe—we beg his pardon—Mr. Joseph Gimber—was by no means a bad-looking fellow, it was not surprising that Kate Maudsley should look with favourable eyes upon him. An incident which I am obliged by modesty was singularly unromantic led to what in affairs of the heart is called "an interesting discovery." It happened in this way:—Kate was one evening busily engaged at a table near a window in the drawing-room when Joseph entered. "Oh! Mr. Gimber," she cried, "I'm so glad you are come, for you can help me to sticke these beads: they have nearly fixed me out of patience."

The young man was delighted, and immediately set about his task, but, whether from awkwardness or his thoughts being otherwise occupied, he repeatedly pricked his fingers with the needle, and at length let the box containing the beads fall on the floor. Gimber, in great confusion, begged pardon for his awkwardness, and stooped to gather the beads which rolled about the carpet at the same instant that Kate had bent forward with the same intention. I can't pretend to say how it occurred, but their cheeks accidentally touched in the attempt; both drew back, blush d, and mutually apologised; again they stooped, and again the lady's curls lightly brushed the gentlemen's whiskers; this time, however, the blush was accompanied by a smile. The smile was the preface to certain disclosures which I do not feel myself at liberty to repeat. I may, however, state that, although the beads remained scattered on the carpet, Joe had succeeded in obtaining from the lips of the fair Kate the rapturous confession that he was not wholly indifferent to her. In this way did Mr. Joseph Gimber gather to himself the affections of a lovely girl.

J. STIRLING COYNE.

ALICE RAMSAY.

"My dear, what is to be done?" exclaimed Mrs. Screwemtight to her better half one morning at Christmas-time whilst sitting over their late breakfast, from which their daughter, with her governess, had just retired; "here is a letter come yesterday, asking us all to a dance at Sir Arthur Clifton's, and what to do I'm sure I don't know." Mr. Screwemtight not quite seeing the drift of his wife's thoughts, wisely held his tongue.

"Mr. Screwemtight!"

"My dear."

"Yes," said the incensed lady. "that is always the cry with you; you never will attend to what I say. Here am I—toil, toil, toil—working myself to death; and, when I come to ask you for a little advice, all you do is to go on reading that horrid newspaper, and say 'My dear.' You'll kill me soon, I know you will, and then, when I am gone, you will find out how you have illtreated me, and be sorry then, when it's of no use. But (after a pause) I won't bear malice, no; I forgive you freely, Mr. Screwemtight;" and the lady applied a cambric handkerchief to her eyes.

Mr. Screwemtight probably wondered in his mind what sin he had committed against his better-half to call forth such spontaneous forgiveness, but he wisely kept his thoughts to himself, merely observing, with all suitable meekness—

"What is it you wish me to do, my dear? I will do it willingly if you will only tell me what to do."

"A pretty question to ask," remarked the lady, withdrawing the handkerchief. "What you are to do, indeed! I suppose," with great emphasis, "I *suppose*, Mr. Screwemtight, you *can* manage to understand that we cannot go without clothes."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear, of course. I should be the last person to wish such a thing."

"Well then, Mr. Screwemtight, perhaps you would kindly give me some money to buy some dresses with; *perhaps* you would."

"Oh yes, yes; there," giving her a ten-pound note, "get what you want, only don't bother me. I must be off," and, so saying, he left the room, glad to escape from his upbraiding wife.

Mr. Screwemtight was a lawyer who had begun the world with his father's blessing; but, by dint of great attention to his business, he had become rich enough to move to the more fashionable part of London, and to keep a footman and carriage. His den (chambers he called it) was a complete spider's web, into which he decoyed unwary persons, and, once in, it required a great deal of agility to get out again. "Will you walk into my *chambers* said the spider to the fly;" and, that accomplished, he would sit down and deliberately proceed—in a figurative sense of course—to drain their heart's blood.

His wife never relinquished her efforts in aping the manners of great people. When they first came into the fashionable square in which they now resided she had been patronised by a certain Lady Stoke, who, not being herself of unexceptional descent (report *did* say that her father was a retired grocer, and that Sir Charles had married her for her one hundred thousand in the funds) was delighted to have some one to patronise and direct, to compensate for the rather cool reception she had met with from most of Sir Charles Stoke's friends. Mrs. Screwemtight had taken Lady Stoke for her beau-ideal of everything that was ladylike, and aped her to perfection. For instance—having once come unexpectedly upon Sir Charles and his lady, whilst they were having their daily lunch and quarrel, she saw Lady Stoke burst into tears, and hide her face in her cambric pocket-handkerchief, at the same time assuring Sir Charles that she forgave him freely, &c.

Mrs. Screwemtight never forgot that scene. As soon as she reached home she threw herself into a chair and practised the sobbing, hiding her face, and Christian forgiveness, and resignation to perfection. Directly her husband reached home she prepared herself for the encounter, and the first cross word he addressed to her she threw herself back in her chair and went through the performance. Poor man! from that day forth he was a perfect martyr to cambric handkerchiefs and Christian forgiveness.

A son and a daughter had blessed their union, and Miss Angelina, aged seventeen, was doing her best, as her fond mother daily instructed her, to catch a husband with some thousands a year. Miss Alice Ramsay, the governess, or rather the companion of Angelina, for she was only nineteen, was a very pretty, graceful girl, who was snubbed by those who thought themselves her superiors, because they were rich and she was poor, though of good birth. Her father had been as rich, nay, richer, than the Screwemtights at one time, but, having stood security for his brother, who had failed, he was reduced to selling his estate, and, having paid his debts with scrupulous honour, he retired to one of his own cottages, living on about two hundred a year, with a family of five children, the eldest of whom, Alice, was now reduced to earn her bread as governess in a paupers-pound, vulgar family. Having now introduced the family to our readers, we will proceed with our tale.

Mrs. Screwemtight, having received the money, immediately sent for her daughter and Miss Ramsay to go out shopping with her. Mrs. Screwemtight took Miss Ramsay with her to get down out of the carriage to buy those things which she did not care about choosing herself, and to carry the parcels to the carriage, the footman having been sent out with a note. Besides, she had once been advised to do so by Lady Stoke, who told her that no ladies ever made companions of their governesses, or, in fact, considered that they were made of flesh and blood like themselves. They rushed first to one shop and then to another, and at last, having procured all they wanted, returned home to dinner.

The dance at Sir Arthur Clifton's, a young Baronet just come into his title and property, was, in fact, a Christmas ball, to which nearly everybody was invited. We will pass over the days which intervened between the shopping in question and the dance, to which Miss Angelina looked forward with the greatest delight, as she and her mother had already made up their minds that she was the destined bride of Sir Arthur, and they had begun to settle what the bridal dress should be. The carriage was ordered to be at the door at half-past eight precisely, and, after a great deal of pushing, stuffing, and patting of petticoats, the party drove off, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Screwemtight, the latter radiant in a many-coloured silk and feathers; Miss Angelina, in white silk, and loaded with jewellery; and Miss Ramsay, who was dressed in plain white muslin, but who certainly looked far prettier and more ladylike than her overdressed pupil.

That night really turned Mrs. Screwemtight's head with joy, for not only did Sir Arthur dance four times with Angelina, but paid her every attention, asking permission to call on the next day to see them after the ball. Of course Mrs. Screwemtight would be only too delighted to see him whenever he liked to call. When she first entered the room she had been rather put out by seeing her governess shake hands with Sir Arthur, as if he had known him before; but then he had shown such attention to Angelina that she very soon forgot all about it, merely requesting her governess not to dance, as she wished her to stand by her, hold her fan, &c.

The next day Mrs. Screwemtight and Angelina were in the drawing-room quite early; Mrs. Screwemtight having arranged with her daughter to just shake hands, and then the servant was to step in and tell her that some one wanted to see her. Angelina sat down by the window, her hair having been carefully dressed by her maid. She tried to assume an elegant, lounging attitude, but being warned in time, by sundry ominous creaks, that her stays-lace would not stand the extra strain upon it, she was obliged to sit bolt upright, and occupied herself with netting a purse which was to be presented to Sir Arthur on their wedding-day. Miss Ramsay was also in the room. They had sat like this quite quietly for some minutes, when Angelina broke the silence by saying—

"Ma, don't you think that Honiton-lace would be best for the veil and flounces?"

"Goodness, how you startled me, my dear!" exclaimed the mother. "Yes, certainly; and, when he proposes, mind you make him settle the day as soon as possible."

"Never fear for me, ma," said the young lady, with a toss of her head, "I'll manage all that. Only think what fun, how well it sounds, 'Lady Clifton.'"

What was it that made Miss Ramsay bend lower over her work? And was it the reflection of the red table-cover which dyed her pale cheek crimson?

At this moment they were startled by a loud knock at the door.

"That's him! Oh, ma! do I look red?"

"No, my dear, not at all. Miss Ramsay, you will just bow, and then leave the room."

Mrs. Screwemtight had no time for more, as the door opened, and Sir Arthur was announced. He walked up to Miss Ramsay, and shook hands with her, asking her how she had got home after the ball, and then turned to Mrs. and Miss Screwemtight with the same question, Angelina then asked him to sit down by her and tell her all about the people who were there; and then she asked "the naughty man" what he meant by coming so late, and when Sir Arthur told her that he had been so busy he could not find time to come before, she tapped his arm and called him a "droll creature:" and then launched in a rattling, absurd monologue. Sir Arthur, not being able to read her, having said nothing "droll," merely bowed; when upon Angelina, recovering herself, called out to Miss Ramsay, who was leaving the room—

"Just bring me my album, Miss Ramsay; it is on the end table."

"Allow me," said Sir Arthur, jumping up and bringing the book.

"Oh, it is no matter; don't take the trouble, Sir Arthur," replied Angelina. "Miss Ramsay can do it very well; she is only the governess, you know." This was said in a loud whisper.

Sir Arthur stayed a few minutes, and then said he was afraid he must go, as he had an engagement at his club. After this he called nearly every day; Miss Angelina keeping herself up with hopes that every time he called he was going to propose. One day, however, she was agreeably surprised by a message that Sir Arthur wished to know if he could see Mrs. Screwemtight alone. Of course, this visit was to ask leave to pay his addresses to her daughter, and so down stairs she proceeded in a state of nervous delight.

"Good morning, Mrs. Screwemtight."

"Good morning, Sir Arthur. The servant said you wanted to speak to me alone."

"And quite right, too, Mrs. Screwemtight. I have long wanted for this opportunity of asking your sanction for a step I am about to take, but do not like to do so without first obtaining your sanction. I have long known and loved the young lady who accompanied you to the ball at my house, and have now come to ask your leave to run away with your"——

"Oh, indeed!" interrupted the lady. "I would not trust the dear girl with anybody else, though I will give her willingly to *you*; for, though *I*, perhaps, ought not to say so, still every one must acknowledge what a lovely, charming girl she is."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Screwemtight. And may I see her at once, as circumstances compel me to go out directly to America for a few months, and I should like to make her my wife before I go. May I, Mrs. Screwemtight?"

"Oh, indeed! Sir Arthur, it is very hard for me to part with her." And here the cambric handkerchief was applied to the eyes. "It is very hard to part with her; but I *will* spare her to you, knowing that you will do your best to make her happy and guard her from all the ills of this life."

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Screwemtight. We have been engaged too long not to trust fully in each other's love."

"Engaged so long!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Why did I not know of it?"

"Because, my dear Mrs. Screwemtight, it was both Miss Ramsay's wish and my own that it should be kept secret from all but our own immediate friends."

Mrs. Screwemtight looked aghast, and then suddenly burst forth into the most furious passion; told Sir Arthur that she was ashamed of him to come and pay all his attentions to her daughter, when, after all, it was the governess he wanted. Mean, spiteful, contriving thing! She should not remain another hour in that house. No! she should leave at once, &c.

Sir Arthur, who had been considerably perplexed at first, now suddenly understood it all, and politely informed Mrs. Screwemtight that he did not intend that Miss Ramsay should continue her stay in her family, for he was come to say that Mr. Ramsay wished his daughter at home to make preparations for the wedding, which was to come off in a few days' time. Thereupon followed a violent fit of hysterics, at which Sir Arthur rang the bell and desired the servant to send his mistress's maid to attend to her, and to ask Miss Ramsay to step into the back drawing-room for a minute, as some one wished to see her. When she entered the room she saw Sir Arthur there alone.

"Oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are come. I want you to tell me all about this letter of papa; he said you would, for I cannot understand it."

"Why, my darling Alice," said Arthur, gently drawing her towards him, "you look as frightened as if something very dreadful were going to happen, instead of all our troubles having come to an end and my only waiting for you to say which is to be the happiest day of my life. You are to leave these disgusting people directly, dear, and go down home, why I will soon tell you. We have known each other for more than three years, Alice, and have been engaged for two. We have both given proofs of our true love by remaining firm during that time. Through scenes of danger and difficulty you have shown many tokens of your affection, darling. Will you give me one more?"

"What do you mean, Arthur?" said Alice, creeping close to him and looking rather frightened at his earnest manner. "Nothing is the matter, is it? You know that I would willingly do anything for you."

"Would you? Would you, indeed, Alice? Then listen to me. You remember Uncle Edward? Well, his affairs in America are in such a state that, unless some one whom he can trust can at once go out to see about them, he will lose an immense amount of property. I, being the only person who can go (he himself is too ill to move), have offered my services, which have been accepted; and I must sail in a month's time to America, but not without first making you my wife, if you will consent. It is your father's great wish, dearest, to see you provided for. Will you, dearest?"

There was a dead pause, and then after a few minutes Arthur felt a little hand steal into his, and a very soft voice said in his ear that one magical word, "Yes."

The reader must imagine two years to have passed since the last chapter, and must now picture to himself a large, comfortable house in Devonshire, where in the handsomely-furnished drawing-room is seated a lady and gentleman.

"I had a letter this morning, Arthur, from Gertrude Stoke," said the lady, "in which she gives an amusing account of Angelina Screwemtight's wedding."

"Oh! so she is spliced at last, is she?" said the gentleman, laughing. "I never shall forget as long as I live that woman's face when she discovered that I actually wanted to marry Miss Ramsay and not her dear daughter. Oh! it was rich! Well, I pity her husband, poor fellow! and am only too glad I am not in his shoes. Fancy how I should feel if it were Miss Angelina sitting opposite to me instead of my own darling little Alice!"

"But I say, Lady Clifton, what have you done with my darling little boy? I have not seen him all day."

"I will ring for him, Arthur," said the proud young mother; and accordingly in a few minutes baby made his appearance, a fine beautiful boy of nearly a year old. Arthur took him, and began to dance him up and down, saying at the same time——

"But go on, dear; I should like to hear all about the wedding."

"Well, she has married a French Count, and they are going to Switzerland for the honeymoon."

"Better off than we were, for they have the advantage of a honeymoon together; whereas I had to go to America for mine all alone."

"Well," continued his wife, "they are afterwards to live in Paris. I hope she will be happy, poor thing! though I am afraid not. Certainly she can never be happier than we are. Don't you think so, Arthur?"

"Indeed I do, darling," said her husband, coming up and putting his arm round Alice's waist. "No one can ever be happier than we are, we love each other so truly."

VIOLET.

A NIGHT WITH THE WAITS; OR, MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

THE Cornet-à-piston gave a shriek, the Trombone a clang, the Ophicleide a grunt, the Bass Drum a bang, and the Triangle a tinkle, in token of the wisdom of the Violoncello; and the whole party sallied out.

"Where shall we try first?"

"The Dials," said the sage.

"Why?" said the Ophicleide, in a gruff voice.

"Because there we can just play at the seven corners, and then play down all the streets; and either disturb or delight the whole neighbourhood: it's all one.

It blew and it *snew*, according to Mr. Tinkle, who said—"It's very hard, as I have childrains and no gloves nor mittens"—a statement which was echoed by the orchestra; but it was no use complaining, and so, selecting a corner house—a "public"—where there were sure to be plenty of lodgers, they started at once in full swing in a sort of imitation of "The Row Polka." Up went the first-floor window—'Police! Remove those men!" The police," however, had just pocketed a shilling subscribed by the band, and he answered, "Can't hear what you say, sir;" and this convenient reply he maintained during the whole performance. The First-floor had a bad headache, and was sitting over a weak glass of brandy-and-water, with a wet towel round his forehead. He shouted "Police!" until his head grew worse; when, with an exclamation of an improper character, he flung down a bad shilling and shut the window with such a crash that two of the panes went in pieces into the street. Second-floor was a Grub-streeter, who wrote verses and fictitious murders—the former for twopence a stanza, and the latter for a penny; his publisher, and, in fact, his proprietor, being one of the Catnachs, the celebrated encouragers of our ballad literature. This gentleman relieved his poetic mind by shouting out,

Go away! Do not stay!
Horrible you do play!

and vanished to return to his duties. Third floor was drunk upon that floor. He had a black eye and a cut across a swollen nose. By his side sat a young wife, weeping; her baby asleep in her arms. From that window came neither reward nor complaint. From the second only the poetic tribute we have recorded.

"This is slow work," said Violoncello; "try the next house."

THE WAITS; OR, MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

Another polka. Window opened; and a head with a night-cap and a body with a dressing-gown appeared. The hands of the body bore a small yellow flute, with which the owner kept bad time.

Meanwhile the following conversation occurred within:—

"Mr. Tootletoo, do you want to be my death?"

"No, Fanny; it's only for a moment. These men play as well as Costa's band."

"Do you want to see me in my coffin, Mr. Tootletoo?"

"Cover yourself up with the clothes," replied the husband. Here there was a protracted fit of coughing.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Tootletoo?"

"No, my dear," said the flute "amateur;" "I'm a listening to the band."

On this Mr. Tootletoo was jerked back so violently and unexpectedly that he dropped his flute, and the window shut with a smack. "Nothing here," said Ophicleide.

"Yes," said Violoncello. "It will sell for sixpence." And he put the flute in his pocket.

"Never say die!" quoth the energetic Drum. "Try the next."

The result was the contents of two pitchers of water from the second floor, which were thrown so adroitly that they did great execution, the drenching being followed by a consolatory assurance that there were two more pitchers at hand. The rapid closing of the window prevented all rejoinder.

"Here's treatment for hart!" said Violoncello.

"And for hartists!" said the Triangle.

"Try the next," said the persevering Bang.

Another experiment was made; on which a gentleman, in a Turkish cap and a flowered dressing-gown, with whiskers, beard, and moustaches, showed himself. Presently, a sylphlike young lady appeared beside him, and encircled his motionless shoulders with her symmetrical arm, and gave something like a silk purse to her companion, who, throwing it into the street, exclaimed, "A pittance from a lover of art." And immediately the window closed, and the curtains resumed their sway.

"Now, then," said Violoncello, feeling the purse; "A half-sov.!"

The coin was wrapped up in brown paper; then common writing-paper; then glazed writing-paper; then silk paper; and then appeared—a farthing!

On this discovery the party, after venting imprecations on the concoctors of the hoax, went home; and thus ended our "Night with the Waits."

ENJOYING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—SEE PAGE 174.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.—BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.—SEE PAGE 174.

PLUM-PUDDING: A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

I THINK ABOUT GOING TO BED.

I DREAM THAT I AM A PUDDING, AND WAS NEVER SO STIRRED BEFORE.

I YIELD TO THE PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT.

I GET INTO HOT WATER.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS AGREEABLE TO BE TURNED OUT BY YOUR FRIENDS.

I MAKE MY DEBUT.

PLUM-PUDDING: A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

I AM CUT UP, THOUGH NOT BY THE CRITICS

AND FEEL HURT.

I AM NOT UNIVERSALLY POPULAR.

THE VAIN FEELINGS OF MY YOUTH PASS AWAY;

I AWAKE; HAVING SLEPT IN MY CHAIR ALL NIGHT.

MY STATE NEXT MORNING.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

Open-handed Charity, thank God! still walks abroad at this inclement season of the year; and in no country in the world does she scatter her gifts more profusely than in England—for, surrounded as we are by poverty and misery, millions are paid and given away annually to the poor. Wealth has ever at its command the power of dispensing such pleasures as these over the land; nor would any feeling man who pays a poor rate begrudge an extra shilling or two to make the inmates of the workhouse happy on such an occasion as this—even though he himself be poor. With what a zest a man sits down to his Christmas dinner when he knows that he has made some poor family happy by having provided for them on this day—whether it be to subscribe to some coal charity, such as our Engraving represents, or only to throw in his mite towards purchasing blankets for the poor, or supplying them once a day with soup! And oh! how little is required to throw the sunshine of happiness around some miserable abode—to scatter smiles where tears and sighs are too often found; and to know that, instead of a sorrowful group, huddling around the all but fireless grate, the little pudding is boiling in the pot, and the small joint turning its worsted jack, from the fork stuck into the mantelpiece above the fire—that there is a happy light dancing in the children's eyes, a clapping of little hands every time the saucepan lid is uplifted—and that five paltry shillings purchased all this happiness! Trifles such as these make both the giver and the receiver happy; and though, without, "all aloud the wind doth blow," there is within the breast "a peace that surpasseth all riches." If we sigh for a Christmas of the olden time, it is because Charity then overflowed the land.

A FAMILY PICTURE.—CHRISTMAS AT HOME—SEE PAGE 174.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.—DISTRIBUTION OF COALS TO THE POOR.